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DUCK-SHOOTING ON THE JERSEY COAST.—SEE PAGE 205.

## "LITTLE MAJESTY."

THE sexton of an Episcopal church, in an old-fashioned country-town, was one day laboriously digging in the garden-plots, which lay beside the flagged pathway leading to the door of the porch, when he suddenly stopped, and, looking up, called—

"Little Majesty!"

The porch door was open, and a little girl was playing dolls on the floor within, with a red pew-cushion for a dummy neighbor, who was about to give a large party. But, on hearing her name, she instantly got up and walked to the door-way.

"Well, Thomas," she responded. She was speaking to her father. She had caught the habit of using his Christian name from her mother, who was now dead; but the poor sexton was far from resenting it, inasmuch as his name thus pronounced provoked sensations of pleasure, which came rarely enough from other sources.

"I am very much afraid," said the sexton, leaning on his spade, "that I have a particular bad piece of news for you."

"Oh, very well," replied she, gravely, at the same time clasping her fingers together. "I think, however, I am prepared for it. I saw the masons and two of the church committee here yesterday. Isn't it about the birds?" She gave a glance and a slight toss of her head upward, as if indicating something connected with the region above her.

"Yes," was the answer; "I am sorry to say it is about the birds. They have come here regularly for many years." Here the sexton shaded his eyes with his hands, and looked up at the belfry. "It seems hard to turn them out, for they're as much a part of the church as I am. But it was not my work, Majesty; I was in favor of letting the ceiling go until the middle of winter. I'm as sorry as you are, and I shall miss them as much—"

"I am afraid not," interpolated the little girl, with decision; "you are too old to care much for birds, except in a pie; though I am much obliged to you for pretending to be sorry just because I am. It takes a young person to comprehend them, father." She waited for a moment, and then added, with a sigh: "so I suppose I had better go up and take leave of them pretty soon, or else they will be driven out without a word of comfort. Only think—how should we like to be turned out of doors to wander up and down the streets, and to have our house pulled down and knocked into little pieces by cruel giants who would like nothing better than—to strike us and kill us with their clubs! I—I—"

Her lips quivered while she stared straight at her father with her eyes full of tears. The sexton quickly began to dig again. A few moments after he heard some steps advancing over the flags.

"Here comes the lady and the cross man again," said the little girl, who had been loath to depart on the errand she had set for herself, and who still stood in the shadow of the porch, furtively looking out.

The sexton at once quitted his work, and took off his straw hat.

The lady, who was pale and very beautiful,

and who was clad in deep mourning, quickly approached him, while her companion, a severe-looking and restless man, loitered a little behind. In her eyes there was an expression of great anxiety; and, notwithstanding her eagerness, she seemed to dread to ask her question, though she smiled as she spoke:

"Have they found it yet?"

"No," replied the sexton, shaking his head, and looking down upon the walk, unable to bear her look of disappointment; "three of us have searched high and low in every nook and corner, and there's not a sign of it to be found. All the others are there since 1808, all set regularly in a row. But we can't find a single leaf of the book for 1815. I'm sorry, ma'am. It looks to me as though somebody had spirited it away."

"Give him a little money," said the lady's friend, cynically, in an undertone. She was nervous, and absently folded and unfolded the wristband of her glove, while she looked vacantly off toward a stretch of woodland in the distance. Being thus absorbed, she did not hear; but the sexton did. His florid face grew redder, and he put his straw hat on again.

"That won't help it, sir," said he, with an angry look; "what I wouldn't do for herself, and I'd like to know what that is, I couldn't be hired to do for money."

"Elegant, by George!" said the gentleman, with a laugh; adding presently, "I apologize, sexton," and then, as if having administered sufficient balm, he looked toward the lady, expecting her to go.

She was in tears.

"You are always crying, Mary," said he, with impatience.

"I know it is weak," she returned, between her frequent sobs; "but it is hard that we and our children should suffer to the end of our lives because only a book is lost. We cannot do without it before a judge, and what will they say when we tell them it is missing? Will they not suspect us? Will not every one become prejudiced against us? It will not seem fair and lawful. Where can I find the town-clerk?" She turned suddenly to the sexton again.

"He is busy hunting everywhere, ma'am, and his helper is with him, and there are two more men looking over the papers of the old clerk who died in 1840."

"Ah, then they have not given up yet?" said the lady, with a more cheerful tone.

"Oh, no," returned the sexton; and then, feeling that he must account for his absence from the crew of searchers, he added, "I was with them nearly all night, and they sent me away this morning; but I am going to try again this evening."

The lady looked at him with grateful surprise, and put her hand quickly into his.

"You must know I thank you a little, Thomas; I cannot thank you enough. You see," she cried, turning to her husband, still holding the sexton's awkward hand, "that we find our best friends even where our enemies are the most numerous. We have few to give us good words," she said, returning with a smile to the uncomfortable man, "and still fewer to give us kind acts; and I am sure I can never, never forget what you have

done." She was about stepping away from him, leaving him confused and entranced with her graciousness, when her glance fell upon the church porch.

"Ah!" she suddenly cried, "there is Little Majesty."

The child flew down the steps, and ran toward her with outstretched arms. It was only in the presence of this lady, whom she loved next her father, that she was at all likely to ignore a certain old manner which she had acquired by being perpetually in the company of her elders. It was in joyful moments like the present that she acted and thought like a child.

The two strolled apart and chatted together, while the sexton resumed his digging, with his back savagely turned upon the gentleman, who, for his part, seemed to forget altogether about the sexton.

When the lady and the little girl returned, which they did hand-in-hand, the gentleman asked, with a rather unpleasant look:

"How came she to be called Little Majesty?"

"Oh," replied the lady, patting the head that lay close to her hand, "I gave it to her a year ago when we first began to have trouble about the missing book. She awed me one day by showing me into the clerk's office with an enormous bunch of steel keys. She commanded me not to lay the tip of my finger on any thing in the room, and she stood before me, with her eyes covering me from head to foot, and now and then dropping those terrible rattling keys from one hand into the other. She was as solemn as a statue.—Do you remember, Little Majesty?"

"Yes, indeed," said the child, with a laugh, affectionately seizing her hand, "I remember; but that was a year ago. I would not act so foolishly now, at least to you."

When the two visitors finally went away, the little girl began to ask questions of her father concerning the trouble about the missing book.

In effect he replied that it was a register of births, marriages, and deaths, which had taken place in the town for a certain year, and that it was wanted by the lady as evidence in a suit brought against her to deprive her of her possessions. The particular volume that she wished was lost. The sexton whispered that he faintly suspected the clerk had hidden it until a reward was offered, when it would be discovered and produced. (Little Majesty stared at this, and emphatically shook her head. The clerk had been accustomed to furnish her with cardamom-seeds.) Without the book the lady would be weak in court, and it was possible that she and her children might become suddenly poor.

"Isn't that disagreeable man her husband?" demanded Majesty, with sudden fire.

"Yes, but he lives in another city. He only came here because he is afraid his income will slip through his fingers. He is a bird of prey, Majesty; a vulture; a sparrowhawk!" The last was a triumphant epithet, for it supplied the gentleman, in a breath, with the most malignant and rapacious character.

"How dreadfully cruel!" murmured the child to herself, with a shudder.

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She went slowly back to her dolls on the porch floor, but, instead of playing with them, she gathered them up, and then sat down upon one of the gallery steps to pity her friend in secret. She was wondering if there were any means by which she might help her.

A little while later a twittering flight of swallows dashed down from above, and gathered for a moment upon the iron chains of the fence in front of the church. Then they disappeared in a tumultuous chatter. The incident at once brought to the little girl's mind the other unhappy subject—the impending destruction of the nests in the belfry.

"I'll go up right away," said she to herself, "for I should never feel at ease again if the men should come this afternoon and drive them off while I was occupied with other things. I'll go now, immediately."

She brought a stool and reached the belfry key from its peg, and then proceeded up the winding stairs, with her short dress gathered in front of her.

The jaunt was not a long one, but the steps were high for one of her stature, and the turns were many and various. In the first gallery above the porch she stopped to look out at the small windows upon the brilliant landscape. It seemed that she was a tremendous distance above the earth; and, as she never had a great liking for such positions, she shrank a little, even while she felt the soft breeze and breathed the perfumed air from the gardens below.

Presently she began to climb the remaining stairs, some of them leading her into dark corners, through which she groped with the aid of her hands. Once she came to a little door with a tough lock, which was rusty and obstinate; but her nervous little fingers were too much for it, and she turned the key. When she passed this, she found a short ladder, the upper end of which rested against the bell platform. She clambered up the rounds with a timid heart, and suddenly came to the open belfry, where hung the mighty bell, half green and half brown, with a pendent tongue ten times as large as her doubled fists.

At the four corners of the belfry were solid pillars of masonry, which supported the spire above; but between these towers there were no screens or lattices—all was open to the eye from the outside. A pretty strong burst of air rushed through the belfry, and laid a violent hold on Majesty's hair; but she clung tight to the rounds, and held her breath until all was quiet again. She looked down. It seemed a frightful distance. She was above the roofs of the town, above most of the trees, and she could see over some of the hills. She began to quake, but when her eyes fell upon the gray swallows' nests, she became courageous again. Leaning against the side of the huge frame, in the midst of which hung the bell, was a narrow bit of plank, across which was nailed a series of wooden strips, intended to serve as footholds to those who ascended to the top of the structure. It had been used principally by the sexton, whose duty it was to oil the various wheels and joints in the machinery; and the child now determined to make use of it to get into the neighborhood of the birds above her head.

It was an act which required courage and

nerve, especially in her; but she accomplished it by mounting slowly on her feet and hands. Presently she stood breathless and half erect upon one of the wide beams, tightly grasping the rim of the large and slender wheel by means of which the bell was rung. But there was still a loftier foothold. It was the top of the thick, wooden cross-piece, from which the bell was suspended. It was broad, bolted, and braced with iron clamps, and was arched in such a manner that it afforded a step of at least six inches in elevation. Timidly did Little Majesty place her tiny foot upon this formidable height. She pressed forward, and at the same time she raised her hand above her head and placed her fingers against the dingy and shattered ceiling. She drew her other foot slowly after her, and then, gasping with fright, and still with her face glowing with excitement, she gradually ventured to look around her. For a while she did not dare to move. "I hope," she said to herself, with a momentary sinking of her heart—"I hope they will not think of ringing the bell." Presently, however, she felt safe enough to shake her head at the few remaining birds, who looked at her with great curiosity from the holes in their nests; a pretty smile irradiated her face, though it went and came just as the soft breeze frightened her or left her alone. So slender was she, and so delicate was her hold, that it seemed certain that a puff must soon come that would carry her away, and float her out at the window.

She began to talk to the birds.

At first she chirruped and soothed them to suit her fancy, and then she proceeded to more serious business.

"Poor dears, poor dears," she began, in a sympathetic voice; "I hoped you listened to what the mason said about you yesterday, and that you would be gone long before this. Didn't you hear him? didn't you understand? don't you know that the ceiling is so cracked and broken that they have got to take it all down, and that all your nests have got to come with it? No? then what ears you must have! They talked loud enough, I'm sure. And they are a terribly fierce set of men—they have no feeling; not a bit of sympathy. They will come with spades and hooks, and will send you flying without a syllable of warning. Isn't that hard? say, isn't it hard?" She shook her curls and grew sorrowful. "Ah! you dear little simpletons, you can bob your heads as much as you choose; I don't care whether you believe me or not, but it's true, birdies, it's true. You must go, and so I thought I'd come and warn you. I am not hard-hearted, and I shall miss you dreadfully—dreadfully." She then looked at them intently for a while, and she had to laugh at their grave manner of looking at her, first with one eye, and then with the other. "What a frivolous set you are, to be sure!" she cried; "don't you know your position—don't you? Do you want to wait until the swearing men come and tear every thing to pieces, and make a dust thick enough to choke you? I tell you you'd better not. Go now. Don't sit there. Fly away. Sh-h-h-h! Sh-h-h-h!"

She frantically shook her hand and rustled her skirts, at the same time emitting

from between her teeth the very mildest of dispersive sounds.

Still the birds only fluttered a little. Then she began to scold, half in fun and half in earnest.

Suddenly a series of sharp shouts and cries came up from the street. She paused midway in a gesture, and listened like a frightened deer. All at once there was a soft rattle below her. She grew deathly pale, and instinctively tightened her only hold—namely, that upon the ceiling. It was weak and fragile as a crust, and it broke away. She cast a glance above her at the wide aperture she had made, and then with another piercing shriek she darted downward and clasped the sinking beam upon which her feet had rested. Somebody was ringing the bell. And it was not a leisurely motion. It was not slowly tolled as if for a funeral, but the hands upon the rope below pulled with fire and vigor. The shivering, clinging little cloud of white flew down, and the yawning bell flew up. From one there came a second shrill cry, and from the other an overwhelming clang, which sounded over hill and dale miles away. Her slender arms, now as strong as iron, hugged the friendly beam, and her soft fingers wound themselves around the rusty bolt-heads with the rigidity of death. Then she came to the surface fluttering like a dove, with her face wild with terror. She caught but a glimpse of the blue sky, the glowing landscape, and then she was down again screaming frightfully in the midst of the drowning clamor. Her ears began to grow deaf to all noises whatever. She came up twice and thrice. She had to take a fresh hold. Then another. Then it seemed that the bolts were coming apart, and that they had suddenly grown soft in her hands. She forgot to scream; she could do nothing but hold on tight. Even the resolution to do that vital thing presently began to fade. Deafened, dizzy, and weakened, the child grasped and struggled for a little while longer; then there came that crisis when to move, or even to breathe, is an invitation to destruction; that last moment when the failing muscles just hold their own, and are capable of no more effort. Her senses failed her.

At that instant the bell stopped its mad revolutions, and stopped as suddenly as it had started.

Majesty's arms, now bereft of their strength, loosened their hold, and she fell upon the platform with her long hair streaming over her face. The huge bell was poised above her, still giving out its dying tone. Had it fallen it would have dealt her languid body a crushing blow; but some strong hand in the porch held it tight and steadfast. A dozen feet came bounding and racing up the stairs, stumbling in the dark, but still pushing on with great energy. Foremost among the people was the sexton, wild with anxiety. He rushed forward and caught up the child as if she were a feather.

"Thank God," he cried, with his eyes overflowing with tears, "she is not dead—Majesty, Majesty!"

Her trembling eyelids just parted, and then closed again.

The lady, Majesty's friend, who had fol-



lowed close behind, it being she in fact who had discovered the catastrophe from without, now took the child into her more tender hands, and the little procession marched down again, and across the broad green in front of the church, to the sexton's cottage.

Here, during the remainder of the day lay little Majesty, holding the lady's hand fast in her own, and now and then burying her face and eyes in it, as there recurred to her mind the scene in the belfry.

The lady sang, and tried a thousand arts to soothe her. But she was sure to find the half-frightened and waxen face of the child intent upon an imagined bell, whose awful image was never done swaying this way and that, and which ever and anon gave out a terrible clang as the mighty tongue fell in its cavern of metal.

The night came on and the moon arose. Without, upon the green and the lofty trees, there was shed a brilliant light, which illuminated each quiet leaf and each blade of grass, almost as if another sun had followed the vanished one, and now looked upon the earth.

The child had now become so quieted that she was enabled to put together, in their proper order, all the events and incidents of the day. She became rational, and was able to listen to the good lady, who without cessation lavished on her all the tender words and caresses that ever a mother knew. Little Majesty soon began to talk, and even to laugh. This encouraged the trembling sexton to approach her again, he having retired to the farthest corner when they first lay the child upon the bed. He now appeared, and cautiously examined her from a distance.

She called him, and put out her hand with a smile. He lumbered over the floor and caught her in his arms.

"O Majesty, Majesty! what good would there be in life without you? Eh, baby, tell us! What would be the use? Where would be the comfort? Tell us."

There being no reply but a half-suppressed sob, he said nothing more, but presently it seemed as though he inwardly determined to keep such words in his own breast, inasmuch as he suddenly rose from beside her and said, rather cheerfully:

"I suppose it is safe for me to go now, isn't it, mem, she's safe, I expect."

"Where are you going?" asked the lady and the child in the same breath.

"Only a short distance. To the clerk's house, to look after the book."

"Ah," said the child to herself, "that is it. It is the book I have been trying to think about."

She pressed her hands over her eyes, as if endeavoring to recall some half-forgotten incident or view.

Her anxiety was great; her smooth forehead corrugated into a hundred wrinkles, and she shut her eyes and pressed her lips together. In vain did the lady question her; she would give no answer but, "I am trying to think."

She frequently stopped, as if despairing; but, before her friend could get her to confess what her puzzle was, she would plunge into it again, and would seemingly march quite up

to the exact point of solution, but no further.

"I wish I could help you, Little Majesty," whispered the lady, contemplating these attempts with some uneasiness.

"And I wish," cried the child, with a burst of tears, and throwing her arms around her neck, "that I could help you. I would love dearly to make you happy; but I'm so confused, so turned around, so mixed up!"

She went over the day's adventures time and again; she reflected upon each incident with great exactness; but still they yielded her nothing. If the exercise of her brain was a little severe, yet it was intensely interesting. She did not care to talk, as it only broke the course of her thought; and so, after some moments, she sank into a tranquil state, which resembled sleep. Her eyes closed, her hands dropped down, while she again began to search her memory for the thing she desired. She lay quite still—now faintly smiling as she remembered the doll's party and the caresses of her friend, and now becoming sober, and even turning a little pale, as the subsequent events arose before her. All was silent; the moonlight came in in broad patches; nothing moved within the house or out upon the green.

It was a long while before she stirred. Then she suddenly opened her eyes, a flush stole over her face, and she arose to a sitting posture.

"I've got it at last," she whispered, in triumph.

She looked around. She was alone. The chair in which the lady had been sitting was empty. She had doubtless gone upon some errand, thinking the child was asleep.

"Never mind," thought Majesty to herself; "I'll go alone, if I can stand. It will be a greater surprise to her."

She put her feet timidly upon the floor, and slowly trusted herself upon them, half fearing her limbs might give way beneath her. But she was stronger than she thought. She caught up a wrapper made of some woollen stuff, and then softly went to a cupboard, from which she took a bunch of three large keys.

Then she slipped into the entry, lifted the latch of the door, and passed out into the open air. No one had seen her; she was entirely alone. She stepped out briskly, straight across the green, holding the keys tight in her hand, and with her eyes raised, half in fear and half in curiosity, to the spire of the church, which was brilliant with the moonlight.

Nothing disturbed her, save a skulking cat or two; but Little Majesty needed all her courage, for it was silent and lonely. She came to the wooden doors with their ponderous hinges of iron, and she selected the proper key with which to open them.

It was an easy lock, and she mastered it with little trouble. Her heart stood still as she shut herself in the porch alone. Then it began to thump, as she put her foot on the belfry stairs, and as the smallest movement of her dress sounded like a gust of stormy wind. It was a separate and distinct act of courage to put one foot before the other. But she ascended with hardly a falter, and again

came to the belfry door. She found it swinging open.

"Ah!" thought she, "I frightened them so that they forgot to lock it."

She came to the ladder. She now felt the cool night air, and she gave an extra turn to the wrapper about her neck, and put her keys in her pocket. Then she laid hold of the rounds, and began to ascend. Presently, her frightened face emerged above the belfry floor, where it turned slowly, to contemplate the wonderful landscape spread for miles around, lying white and tranquil in the mysterious light. There was no sound, save now and then the distant bark of some farmer's dog, and the faint rush of the stream over the mill-dam.

After a moment, Majesty spurred herself to clamber up farther. She could not help a fit of trembling as she beheld the bell, but she bravely walked straight to the plank again. Again she ascended it, and again she clutched the large and slender wheel. Turning quickly from this, she placed her foot for the second time upon the broad cross-beam beneath which hung the awful monster which had nearly killed her, and also for the second time she put her hand upon the ceiling. Up to this point, her actions were but counterparts of those she had performed earlier in the day; but her next one was different.

She placed a second hand upon the ceiling, and, rising to the tips of her toes, she groped with the other near the edge of the fracture in the plaster. Her arm vibrated a few inches either way, and finally stopped, while at the same time a cry of joy burst from her lips. She sank back upon her feet, careless of danger, saying to herself:

"I dar'n't take it down, for it may not be the right one, after all. But wouldn't it please her! It *must* be the right one. At any rate, we'll see."

She again thrust her hand into the hole, and in a moment she withdrew from its hiding-place a leather-covered book, an inch thick, and fifteen by eighteen inches in size. A glow of delight overspread her face, and she tried to see the date upon the back of the binding, but the gilding had faded; so she carefully drew the tip of her finger over the embossed figures.

"Eighteen hundred and fifteen!" said she, with a laugh.

In a moment she had scrambled down the plank, holding her treasure close, and conjuring pictures of her friend's delight. It was not until she got to the porch again that she stopped and asked herself:

"How came the book in the belfry ceiling?"

Majesty's faith in human kind received a shock.

"It must have been the wicked clerk," thought she. "O Maple! I did not think it of you; and you were so kind a man!"

She slowly emerged from the church-door, and locked it. Then, with both arms clasping the musty book, and with her keys hanging from her finger, she dashed off down the flags and over the stretch of turf.

Midway in her flight, a running figure, hastening in an opposite direction and exactly for the church-door, sprang upon her as if

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from the ground. It was Maple, the town-clerk. He was white as a ghost.

"Majesty!" cried he, catching her by the muffler.

"Oh! is it you, Maple?" faltered she, sinking with terror.

"What have you been doing, miss?" cried he. "Been taking books from my room, Majesty? Is that it? Is that it?"

"No, I did not get it from your room; I got it out of the belfry ceiling, where you put it."

For an instant, the sallow-faced man glared upon her; and then, moved by a savage impulse, he suddenly lay hold of the book with all his strength, and tried savagely to wrest it from her. A piercing scream issued from her lips, while she desperately clung to her prize.

Suddenly, Maple's heels flew up into the air, and his head and shoulders disappeared backward, while in their places appeared the rough face and broad chest of the sexton, while Majesty at the same instant was folded in the protecting arms of her best of friends.

They had come to search for her, and, having discovered the absence of the keys of the church, they were hastening thither, thinking it reasonably indicated that she was there.

The sexton had no mercy for Maple, and, with a rough hand at his neck, and a harder one at the small of his back, he pushed him off toward the rector's house, while the other two went back to the sexton's.

"O Majesty, my brave little darling," cried the lady, in a trembling voice, "what can I say to you to tell you how happy and grateful you have made me? How my children in their cradles at home will thank you some day! and how much better than all the fairy-tales will be the true story about you and the ringing bell!"

Little Majesty did nothing but hang her pretty head and walk along in silence, meanwhile pressing her cheek against the lady's hand, and thinking to herself that she was one of the blessed.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

## THE COUNTESS AT VERSAILLES.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

A SWEET, sad, silent day in mid-winter, in sullen and conquered Versailles. There go a few frowzy and unkempt Bavarians, ponderously clattering their huge boots on the icy pavements, and awkwardly saluting the stiff, ungraceful officers, who pause to hear the latest news from the outposts. Up the hill, toward the palace-gate, a cavalryman is pounding along, with a huge envelope stuck in his jacket-breast. Are there then more wounded coming to the "Louis XIV. Hospital?" as the victors sportively call it. To-day one can hardly believe that it is war-time, siege-time, killing-time; for the thunder of the great brother forts, Valérien, Issy, and Montrouge, is hushed, and there are no outgoing regiments defiling past, headed by the clangorous and rejoicing music so dear to Prussian ears. We have not seen a scared and dirty prisoner, urged onward by brawny

Uhlans, to-day; nor have our French friends given us notice of any alarmingly gigantic Gallic victory about to be consummated. Peace and Sorrow seem to have folded their wings over the huge and comely avenues of the great monarch's old home, and to have banished for the nonce all echoes of war.

Listening to the inane conversation of those two veteran fanatics—the bald-headed Frenchmen, who have been drinking coffee for the last four hours in the Café de la Comédie, is by no means amusing. *Tenez!* something too much of this eternal carping at Fate—this constant moaning over misfortunes. Let us away! Evidently it is time to be off, for here come some of the secret agents of the military chief of police—a power to be respected. To-morrow we shall be sent for, and questioned as to our "whereabouts yesterday." These good Prussians are so suspicious!

So let us out through the long passage under the now deserted theatre, and into the Rue des Réservoirs. The Café de Neptune is thronged with furloughed officers, quaffing the nectar of Gambrinus, and roaring German home-songs in loudest of voices. The little Gallic dame who sits shivering behind the counter, receiving, from time to time, the humiliating money of the conquerors, looks ready to burst into tears. "No firing all day?" she says, as we approach. "Do you suppose they have given up?" And the patient, wrinkled face wears a look of an guish touching to see.

In the street, as we pause on the step of the café, there is but little new visible. There is a mud-bespattered correspondent, wearily riding home his weary horse, after an enterprising tour of inspection; an ambulance wagon, pausing before the comfortable mansion over whose door the red-cross flag hangs; soldiers, in groups of twos and fours, going to the park for an hour's skating; and there, swift as a vision, noiseless as a shadow, passes Von Moltke, with arms held primly at his sides, and his lips now and then moving as he converses with himself. He sees those officers who saluted, although he does not look up; and he raises and drops his hand in answering courtesy, as abstractedly as though asleep. Helmuth von Moltke! what evil tidings shall the Parisians hear to-morrow? This is evidently one of your "planning-walks," and Trochu must beware!

At last a double-shot, sonorous salute from Fort Valérien, and every one wakes into life and intensest activity. Two or three bareheaded officers peer out of the door of the café, with that expectant look one so often sees here; and mayhap in a moment we shall hear the long, surging echoes, as all the great guardians of forlorn Paris join in the tremendous refrain! But no. Standing in the street for a long time, we hear nothing but the occasional thunder from Valérien; and, just as a grand report breaks the air, a slight, tall, feminine figure flutters out through the palace-gate, and comes rapidly down the hill.

It is the countess!

The grave and decorous Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Queen Victoria's royal brother-in-law, touches his hat to the brisk lady as she

passes the door of the grand restaurant, and she pauses, half turning on tiptoe, like a school-girl, as he talks, jauntingly almost, for so staid a dignitary, concerning the last sortie, and the new salute from the fort, and the wounded in the hospital.

"Good-evening, your highness," and away she bounds until she meets us, and offers both her hands. Such infinite gossip as we now shall hear!

Marvellously clear-cut and almost patrician in outline is the face of this daughter of the far South, as she stands bathed in the subdued winter light of the North. The black eyes sparkle with all the lustre and glow which the burnished heaven and glorious sun of Italy could give her, and the frank, fearless look of the face into ours bespeaks the true woman. She comes, not cat-like and confidingly, with sooth and charm to win one away to worship, but she commands attention and respect. Every inch of her lithe and not ungraceful height is full of strong, sturdy nerve; and there is a stateliness withal in the bows of arrival and departure which remind one that she has received in her own mansion and chosen her company. And that proud arch of the head when she speaks of "the count, her husband"—long since dead and mouldering in Italian dust—betokens the pride of rank which even this dull, dead winter, and her confessed dependence upon circumstances, cannot subdue.

In these Versailles streets a woman is so rare a spectacle that we feel inclined to reverence any who wear the robes of womanhood; and the countess, in her faded waterproof cloak, and her hat so painfully suggestive of milder days in genial autumn, is soon the centre of an admiring group. Her hideous English bull-dog, her constant companion, fawns at her feet and eyes us savagely. Now, with quick, comprehensive gestures, she paints vividly, in terse *staccato* English, an interview with the famed Leopold of Hohenzollern, and repeats his mourning words over the fate of poor Juan Prim; now, she hints, with a half sneer, at a deep-laid conspiracy actually existing in Versailles to fise and massacre the royal conquerors who are lodged at the Prefecture, and adds, mysteriously: "You will see; to-morrow there will be a search for arms, and perhaps some rough work. Who knows?" The next moment she is in tears, as she relates, with dramatic fervor and intensity of expression, the fate of some obscure Bavarian who this morning departed this life at the hospital, while she held his stiffening hands. Ay, sister of mercy is she—adventuress though, the haughty French call her, and she shall not scruple, I pray you to believe, to bind up a Frenchman's wounds when the next batch of prisoners comes in. But she expresses the utmost abhorrence for the French character, and freely calls the Parisians cowards and *canaille*. Lavish in praise of the Prussian commanders, and with no word of sympathy for the long-suffering Gauls, she sometimes receives angry reproof from the English and Americans whom she daily meets, and with whom she holds such variety of conversation.

How came she in this city camp? Strange waif upon this sea of troubles, she drifts un-

harmless, unharmed, so far as we may know. Honest, frank to a fault; now all school-girl, now all Cleopatra—she is a perpetual riddle. This much we know: when the Prussian wave of invasion broke around Paris, she lived in elegant retirement in a villa not far from the capital. The captors harmed not her nor hers; the villa became headquarters for some of the grantees, and Madame the Countess took refuge in Versailles, as the fighting was too near her to be agreeable. The French, who had known her for years in all the country-side around her villa, now hated and cursed her, considering that she had gone over to the enemy; and the mysterious supplies of money which had once come so regularly to her were now utterly stopped. She knew every one of note in camp, yet never did lightest breath of scandal attach to her fair name; and there were those who asserted that she had for years been the paid agent of the Prussian Government, and now adopted this unprotected, semi-dependent rôle that she might the more readily find out the secret thoughts and ideas of the "foreigners," as the Prussians were pleased to denominate us, permitted in camp. A long residence in London, and evident knowledge of some of its best society, made her agreeable to the courteous and dignified Englishmen who represented medicine, military science, and journalism, at Versailles; she claims an earnest friendship with all Americans here; and she is withal so decorous and genial a member of the little circle of strangers in the town that she is missed whenever a day's hard work at the hospital keeps her from a meeting in that circle.

Of course, she has her eccentricities; of course, in these abnormal times she cannot keep up the old self-reliance, and she comes frankly to each member of the circle with the winning and sempiternal statement that she has lost her purse, and would one lend her two francs! The sovereign that goes into her hand does not humiliate her, for it is freely given. Yes, indeed, every member of the circle would fight to maintain her honor, and would share his last crust with her. The correspondent *coterie* especially delights in her picturesque gossip; for if it is not true it is certainly interesting, and looks so nicely in the fresh columns of Yankee journals.

When the great trees in the park are clothed in glittering white—the snow-robies which the naked statues stare at with such apparent wonder—and when the grand canal, where Louis XIV. once gave his gondola-fêtes by night, is alive with uniformed and royal skaters on the welcome ice, you shall see the countess, attended by the ever-watchful bulldog, flitting along the avenues, *en route* for the festal scene. Down she darts upon the smooth walk by the canal, and every prince and duke and firstling doffs his hat as she passes by. Presently she is seated in a gondola on runners, and whirled away by rapidly-skating Americans, while a string of royalties cut fantastic capers in the wake of the singular cavalcade. The king himself, wrapped in furs, beams on the mysterious lady as she passes; and the Frenchmen scowl, for now they are sure she is a spy. But she heeds

them not, and hums, in her vivacious yet haughty fashion—

"Non ti scordar di me,"

until she is suddenly obliged to redeem herself from a hopeless wreck caused by a collision with gondola number two. Toward evening, when the grand vespers chorus of the forts begins, and the dying sun sends foreboding bloody gleams along the vistas in the great park, she plods quietly home, the centre of a group whom she has electrified by her astonishing prophecies of war and bloodshed on the morrow.

We loved to note how sometimes this child of the South and of enthusiasm allowed herself to be carried away by the majesty and grandeur of the events occurring around us. When the great attack by the French on the besiegers' positions at Montretout began, and the Versailles were openly taunting us with the probability of immediate slaughter, she was anxious to go herself upon the field of battle. The circle was called to look upon her as she ran out in the keen January cold, with her long hair drifting about her neck, and with her hat in her hand, to intercede with the driver of a hospital-wagon for a place beside him. "Ah! you do not know how strong I am!" she cried. And it was laughable to see two soldiers, gruffly ordered by their officer to remove her, beat a precipitate retreat when the bull-dog charged them, growing with real English rage and fury.

Often, when the Bohemian Club was in session in some comfortable room in the great Hôtel des Réservoirs; when Dr. Russell was seated in the arm-chair, and, superb in the dignity of his braided jacket and irreproachable linen, began to intone stories of former campaigns or speculations concerning the actual one; when the fumes of the fragrant cigar and the steam of hot brandy-and-water caressed the senses, a gentle knock would bring each member of the *coterie* to his feet, and the countess would arrive, rosy from a walk, and unfold her budget of gossip. Sometimes the acute observer would notice that she lingered and seemed to take mental notes of the criticisms upon the German plans or commanders, which were always freely and unreservedly spoken before her; and she was sure to call whenever any event had occurred likely to excite a neutral sympathy for the French. Then she drew one gently to the subject, and seemed to press him to declare himself. At such times, the *coterie* had a tacit understanding that the conversation should be abruptly changed, and presently she would, with thousand excuses, bow herself out.

When the great festivals of Christmas and New Year's came, she blossomed into the utmost prodigality of presents, and showered bouquets and bonbons upon both the German and French wounded. One day we found her standing by the bedside of a convalescent Jäger, who had been brought in some weeks before from the outpost, where he and his brother had been stricken down together. The brother never breathed after his comrades spread his cloak over him, and bore him out of the fire-line; but this news had been kept from the convalescent, as it was feared that the shock might kill him. The

old English physician, who had been living at the outpost where the Jägers were wounded, had come to see the recovering soldier, and the countess showed him with pride her patient. But the Jäger, with a wavering look of distrust and anxiety, asked for his brother.

"He is where he is well and happy," said the old doctor, clinching the bed-rail, and looking very grim.

The young man again repeated the question, and in tones of deepest affection called out, "Where is he? May he not come to me?" Here the countess broke out into passionate sobbing, and the Jäger cried out, "He is dead!" and fell back in a swoon. The countess remained almost incessantly by him until he had recovered from the shock, and was well enough to go upon the canal in an ice-sledge.

One day came an astonishing rumor that the countess—the ever frank, fearless, impulsive countess, whom we hardly even believed capable of spying—was a French agent, and by means of complicated sub-agencies held daily relations with the besieged in Paris. This many laughed to scorn, but many also believed it, and dozens of little circumstances seemed to almost prove it. Indeed, it would not have been a bad trick for the wily French to have undertaken; and there was now and then a gleam in the eyes of the Italian which showed resentment when the conquerors were abusing the French, although she assented. We were finally compelled to make up our minds that a spy she must be—for French or Prussians—and that possibly the French in Paris heard from her daily. But she kept her air of mystery until the capitulation dispersed our circle hither and yon; and, spy or no spy, she was gracious, kindly, *sans reproche*, and stately, when she chose to be. Her oddities, her little distresses, her very dependence, and her mysterious movements, are memorable. If I should say I thought her the cleverest enemy the Prussians had in Versailles, I might be wrong, and I will not say it. I wonder if she has ever gone back to her villa near the capital?

ARTHUR EDEN.

## LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE."

### CHAPTER XX.

#### THE DRIVE TO KING EDWARD'S OAK.

"HERE we are, all ready, dear Lady Sweetapple," said Lady Carlton, looking into the library. "I am afraid we have kept you waiting."

Lady Sweetapple rose and obeyed the call, and at the hall-door found the equestrians just in the act of mounting. Alice Carlton and Edward Vernon were already mounted, only waiting for Mr. Marjoram, whose stirrups needed adjustment, for you must know that Mr. Marjoram was one of those riders whose stirrups are always either too long or too short.

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Edward was impatient to start, and so was Edward's horse, which belonged to Florry; and he was just in the act of calling to Mr. Marjoram to make haste, or they should never be off.

By this time the break was already nearly full. First of all, Colonel Barker handed in Mrs. Marjoram with great style, and then Mrs. Barker with great tenderness. Then came Florry and Mr. Beeswing; last of all Harry and the colonel climbed up into that commodious vehicle. Lady Carlton and Lady Sweetapple were quickly handed into the pony carriage by Count Pantouffles, and so the end was, that both the carriages had started before the riding party, in spite of all Edward Vernon's exhortations to Mr. Marjoram.

"Now, do look alive, Mr. Marjoram," said Edward, again, as his horse and Alice's began to curvet and caper.

"I'll come as soon as I can," said the rueful Marjoram, who, as it was, felt very much hurried; and he then mounted Kitty—a very well-bred mare, which Sir Thomas generally rode—with one stirrup two holes longer than the other. He said, indeed, afterward, it was all the groom's fault; but it was not—it was all his own, chopping and changing with the leathers. In fact, Mr. Marjoram is not the first man whose legs have suddenly seemed the one to grow longer and the other shorter as soon as he tries to mount a horse. But at last they were off.

"How nice it will be!" said Alice.

"Yes, how nice!" said Edward. "Let us trot on, or we shall never overtake the ponies."

Suiting the action to the word, Edward Vernon put his horse to a smart trot. It was a lady's horse, and yet a good trotter, because Florry was a young lady who despised the everlasting canter to which young ladies are condemned. Alice Carlton began to canter, and at the same moment Kitty began to trot roughly and highly, to the great inconvenience of Mr. Marjoram.

"This is rather quick work," he called out to Edward; "I shall never be able to stand it in this heat."

"Stand what?" said Edward. "Do you suppose we came out to exercise the horses at a walk, or to stand still? Come along; we shall never get to King Edward's Oak if we lag behind in this way."

"But I don't like it," said Mr. Marjoram, in an imploring tone.

But, for all that, he had to like it; for Edward and Alice pushed on down one of the rises in the park, and Mr. Marjoram had to follow, for Kitty was not a filly to stay behind. It did not take them long to descend that hill, and on the top of a second they saw the carriages still far ahead.

"Mayn't we go gently for a little?" said Mr. Marjoram, who was already almost out of breath.

"Certainly not," said Edward; "we must press on. You'll get your second wind in no time. Who cares for a stitch in the side out riding?"

Now Mr. Marjoram did care for a stitch, and he cared for it very much; but he had to ride on, for the rest rode.

At last they overtook the carriages, and shot past them; for the very efforts that Alice and Edward had been making to check their horses for Mr. Marjoram's sake, only made them more full of fire, and the pace was almost furious as they passed the carriages.

"Not so fast, Alice!" cried out her mother.

"Well done, Ned!" cried Harry, as they passed the break.

"Well ridden, John Gilpin!" bawled Mr. Beeswing to Mr. Marjoram, as he flew past like a flash of lightning.

To tell the truth, it was some time since Mr. Marjoram had ridden even a slug, and we are not sure that he had ever ridden so spirited an animal as Kitty. However that might be, she had him entirely at her mercy, and took him out as completely for a ride as ever horse carried a tailor. There are some people who, when they are being run away with, look comfortable, and affect serenity and pleasure, though they have them not; but there was no pleasure or serenity in Mr. Marjoram's face. On the contrary, he looked supremely uncomfortable, and if he had had a grapple or small anchor that would have brought Kitty up, he would have thrown it out and moored her fast at once. But he had no such anchor, and so was forced to ride on. In an unlucky moment, too, he had omitted to put on those exploded articles of dress called straps, and the consequence was, that his trousers very soon began to work up, and that very unequally on either leg. As he passed the carriages, he revealed an uneven expanse of white cotton socks above his high-lows. He had lost his whip, and was tugging at Kitty's neck with both hands. But the more he tugged, the more Kitty took the bit between her teeth, and the more she devoured the ground. No ship ever ran before a gale with more evident signals of distress than Mr. Marjoram on Kitty.

"This is as good as a race," said Edward to Alice, some little time after they had cleared the carriages. "Do you think he will be able to live the pace to King Edward's Oak?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Alice. "I suppose he can ride, or he would never have chosen it. I think riding fast such fun. Let us all race for the oak."

And for the oak they accordingly raced, the two young ones always managing, though with great difficulty, to keep ahead of Kitty, who was the most irrepressible animal of the three. The oak was reached, as Edward afterward said, in fifteen minutes from the time of starting, though the distance was over three miles. We believe that after all races it is remarked that both horses and jockeys are distressed; and, whatever Kitty might be, Mr. Marjoram was so much distressed, both in mind and body, that he dismounted at once, with the remark that nothing would ever induce him to ride "that devil" home.

"Do you really mean to call Kitty a devil?" said Edward; "and do you mean to say that it wasn't awfully jolly to tear along in that way?"

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Marjoram, bitterly.

"Whoever rides Kitty home, I am determined I will not."

During this frantic ride we have forgotten the rest of the party. In the pony-carriage little or nothing was said. Lady Carlton, indeed, tried to force the conversation by some remarks first addressed to Lady Sweetapple and then to Count Pantouffles. But Lady Sweetapple was full of that letter to Edith Price. She was so absent, away in Lupus Street, fancying all kinds of things about that lady's relations to Harry Fortescue, that she could only answer "yes" or "no," and even in the use of those monosyllables she was very incoherent. Count Pantouffles, as we all know, did not shine in conversation, least of all in the country. Little, therefore, was to be got out of him except an occasional "very fine!" "delightful!" "charming!" and other expletives of the superlative degree. Had it not been for that little episode of the Wild Huntsman when Alice and Edward and Mr. Marjoram shot by, Lady Carlton would have had nothing to say during her drive. A duller expedition to King Edward's Oak she had never had. Still, it was very pleasant, though rather hot; but as she flicked her ponies every now and then with just a little flick, she felt that she might have had more sociable companions. But how could Count Pantouffles talk when he was all outside? and how could Amicia converse when her heart was full of Edith Price, and when, besides, she felt that if she made the slightest attempt to cross-question Harry Fortescue on the subject, he would instantly see that she had been so mean as to read the addresses of the letters in the china dish? She reflected on all this during the drive, and by the time she got to the oak saw quite clearly that she must not speak of Edith Price to Harry Fortescue for twenty-four hours at least.

"Very provoking!" she said to herself; "but so it must be. Not a word must be said till that letter has passed out of his memory."

As for the rest of them in the break, they made up for the silence of the rest by their incessant talk. Colonel Barker talked to Mrs. Marjoram, and Mr. Beeswing to Mrs. Barker. We have no time to repeat all the wise and witty things that were said in that half-hour, but they were many. As for Florry, she was in the seventh heaven of delight. At last she was side by side with Harry Fortescue, and the widow was safe in the pony-carriage. What she said exactly is not recorded, and would not have been worth repeating; but the result was, that when Harry Fortescue got out of the break, he felt as though he had been very remiss in paying Florry Carlton so little attention since his visit to High Beech.

"That's a very nice girl," he said to himself. "I never thought her so nice before."

It was a great step for Florry to have made in half an hour, if she had only known it. But the worst is, she did not know it.

Well, now we have them all at the oak, and what was it like? We must begin by saying that it was not a very old oak. Oaks of the time of Edward IV. are not such old trees; but as trees they are none the worse for that. Without going so far as to out-Darwin Darwin, and to say that animals are de-



scended from vegetables, we may say that a very old oak is very like a very old person, in that it is generally very ugly. Thus we know oaks that are said to have been old oaks at the Conquest—but what are they? Mere wrecks; a great hollow inside, with a little bark outside, and a wizened branch or two at top. So also we know many old people whose only merit is that they are very old—without eyes, hearing, teeth, or hair; mere broken-down palsied wrecks of what once were vigorous and lovely men and women. Now, King Edward's was not as one of those oaks, for it was in full life and vigor, and, except that it had lost here and there a branch as big as an ordinary tree, its trunk stood without crack or chasm as sturdily as the merry monarch himself in the fifteenth century. We hope no one will here snap us up, and say the "merry monarch" lived in the seventeenth century. As if England was such a beggarly country as only to have had one merry monarch in her history! So far from that being the case, there were merry monarchs before Charles II.'s time, just as there have been merry monarchs after him, and none so merry in any century as Edward IV. in the fifteenth. Whether this noble tree had ever seen him here with Elizabeth Woodville or Mistress Jane Shore, no man could tell; all that was known in county and village history was, that the great oak on Deadman's Hill in High-Beech Park was called King Edward's Oak, and had been called so from time immemorial. It had got its name somehow or other, and it kept it, just as many a family has got its name and its motto from some deed now long since forgotten, but which was, nevertheless, a gallant deed the day it was done, and rang through the country and became a name forever.

So there it stood, crowning the hill in the bright sunshine, with the deer standing at gaze under its wide-spreading branches, on that 2d of June, 1870, until Edward, and Alice, and Marjoram, dashed up and scared them away.

When the rest came up, there was a dismounting and alighting, and the horses were led off, and the carriages driven under some other trees, and Lady Carlton and her friends were left alone under King Edward's Oak.

"What a noble tree!" said Lady Sweetapple, whose mind, being now made up as to the impolicy of asking any question just now about Edith Price, felt more at ease and more able to speak.

"Noble, indeed!" said Lady Carlton, whose affection for the tree was almost romantic.

"How many generations has it not seen out, and how many more will it not see!"

"Very many—a good number, certainly," said the count, in his unmeaning way.

"How much I wish," said Alice, "that I had lived in those days!"

"In what days?" asked Mr. Beeswing, cynically.

"In the days of Edward IV., the merry monarch," said Alice, with an innocence which showed how little she was aware of the peculiar line which Edward's mirth affected.

"I think you would find it much pleasanter to be what you are—the child of your time,"

said Mr. Beeswing. "I have no manner of doubt that the fifteenth century was a most unpleasant period of history to have lived in; and, as for your merry monarch, I believe him to have been a cruel cutthroat and a wicked libertine.—What do you think, Edward?"

"Indeed," said the idle Edward, "I never thought any thing about it. The fact is, I did not go in for law and modern history at Oxford, and so I know nothing about any of the merry monarchs."

All this time Lady Carlton was giving directions about the promised tea. The servants had been sent on, and a fire lighted close by, before they came, and in a few moments they were to have tea under the oak. As for Florry and Harry, they went on talking after they had alighted, much in the same way as they had talked in the carriage. Lady Sweetapple stood by, rather indignant; but she could not help it, and she was forced for a while to put up with Count Pantouffles. Mr. Beeswing flitted about as a sort of lieutenant to Lady Carlton; Colonel and Mrs. Barker stood side by side, as much in love with one another under King Edward's Oak as they had been in the banyan-groves and mango-topes of Hindostan; and Mrs. Marjoram was close to Mr. Marjoram, who sat on the grass counting his bruises and abrasions, while she administered what might be called a field clinical lecture on the wickedness of riding strange horses to that unhappy man.

"Now it is all ready at last," said Lady Carlton. "All who wish for tea, come and sit down."

They all wished for tea, and they all sat down, except Mr. Marjoram, who was already seated, and, in fact, could scarcely rise. Need we say that Edward Vernon sat next to Alice? No, we need not; especially as we have to say that Harry Fortescue again found himself between Lady Sweetapple and Florry Carlton, and was again the bone of contention to those ladies.

After an interval of tea-drinking, Mr. Beeswing began:

"You don't seem to have practised your riding lately, Marjoram? I am afraid the mare was too much for you."

"So much too much for me," said that meekest of men, "that I am going to ask for a seat in the break when we go home, and to try and get some one else to ride Miss Kitty, who is quite beyond my power to restrain."

"O Mr. Marjoram!" said Alice, "I believe you can ride very well; indeed, quite as well as Mr. Vernon. Why, you kept up with us bravely to the end, and we only reached the oak a length or two before you. You knew it was to be a race."

"You are very kind, Miss Alice," said Mr. Marjoram; "but allow me to ask how you feel after the race?"

"Feel! I feel quite well," said Alice; "why shouldn't I?"

"And I, on the other hand," said Mr. Marjoram, with something very like a groan, "feel quite ill; and, like you, I may add, and why shouldn't I? I never ought to have mounted Kitty, and Mrs. Marjoram quite agrees with me."

"Then," said Mr. Beeswing, in a low voice, "it's the first time in their lives that

they have ever agreed in anything. But Mrs. Marjoram is going to say something; let us listen."

"Mr. Marjoram," said that lady, "you are, as usual, quite wrong in saying 'that I agree with you in this matter, or, in fact, in any thing else. I think it base in a man not to be able to ride; and, therefore, I think you ought to have mounted Kitty, as you call her; and I do not agree with you in thinking her skittishness, as you seem to imply, any excuse for your bad horsemanship. It is the old story—'A bad workman always complains of his tools.'"

"My dear," said Mr. Marjoram, "allow me to explain."

"No, Mr. Marjoram, you shall not explain—at least, not in my hearing. Be content with the exhibition which you have made of yourself, and drink your tea and say nothing."

While this unseemly altercation was going on, Florry Carlton on one side, and Lady Sweetapple on the other, were trying hard to win Harry Fortescue's attention. It was a painful position for Amicia to feel, as she thought, that she had Harry Fortescue's secret in her possession—to be sure that she had the ace of trumps, and yet not to be able to play it. This rather restrained her, and so gave Florry, who had no hidden mysteries to conceal, a great advantage. Never had Lady Sweetapple seemed so stiff and constrained; never had her remarks been so full of innuendoes, which seemed to mean nothing; and never had Florry Carlton seemed so natural, clever, and unaffected. In that sitting, at least, she had it all her own way, and, when Harry Fortescue rose from the grass under the great oak, he felt more and more that he had been very unjust to Florry Carlton.

"So nice, darling!" whispered Florry to Alice. "He's getting just like Edward!"

"I'm so glad to see it," said Alice. "What a happy girl you are!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A WARM BATH.

THERE is much the same difference between a cold and a warm bath that there is between a man and a woman, in respect both of amount and quality. The sturdy, plain-spoken brusqueness of the one is as masculine as the soft, voluptuous embrace of the other is feminine. We battle valiantly with the former, while the latter woos us with soothing caresses. From one we issue with bounding pulse and glowing cheeks, from the other with dreamy eyes and languidly-luxurious step. We find, in the cold bath, health and hardiness; in the warm, Lethæan ease and indolent repose. The voice of the cold bather is loud and cheerful, of the warm low-toned and musical. Warm water is pregnant of tropical emotion, cold of Siberian robustness. But enough of comparisons—although, in this case, they cannot be considered odious. Let us take a warm bath.

It is a September afternoon, or night; if the former, the rays of the declining sun fall through pink curtains, filling the room with

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rosy half-lights and rich, warm shadows; if the latter, the light is turned low, and softened by a shade of ground-glass. The early part of the day has been warm; but, as afternoon advanced, a subtle chilliness crept into the atmosphere, rising from the cool chasm of summer's grave. You have passed the last seven or eight hours in wilful idleness, lying at length on a soft and shady grass-plot, or swinging in a lazy hammock, with your favorite poet for a bedfellow. The fine, insinuating chill has at length driven you in-doors, and on your momentary discontent comes, like a benediction, the thought of a warm bath!

The door of the bath-room having been made fast, an abundance of soft and snowy towels piled in a warm heap upon a chair, and, the sponge and perfumed soap placed within easy reach, you throw yourself upon a seat and begin to undress. Let us hope your boots are elastic, so that they may be pushed off easily by applying the toe of either foot to the heel of the other. As you shake off your heated garments, you experience a feeling of refreshment and relief; and, when quite prepared for the bath, you yet linger in your chair, courting whatever coolness is in the atmosphere. If there is an oil-cloth on the floor, you place your warm feet upon it, receiving an agreeable thrill of playful cold, from which, indeed, you might shrink, did you not know that, at any moment you chose, you could overwhelm all that and much more by an immersion in the warm water. With such a prospect in view, all small shivers become greatly enhanced in value, as rendering, by contrast, the luxury which is to come more delicious. But, finally, your ingenuity being exhausted, you rise slowly from your chair and approach the bath, which, in this instance, is some six feet or more long, and about two in breadth and depth, constructed of smooth gray zinc, rounded and sloping at the head, square and upright at the foot, and either let into the floor, or solidly upholstered with panels of black-walnut.

As you look down upon the surface of the limpid water, you discern a delicate, almost imperceptible smoke or steam rising up all over it, but vanishing at the height of an inch or two. "How hot that must be!" you think, with a secret sensation of delight which, for some unexplained reason, you would be unwilling to acknowledge even to yourself. Stooping down, you dip your forefinger into the liquid warmth, and your delight is confirmed by the fervent touch, succeeded by a feeling of coldness, when the finger is withdrawn. You are now anxious to plunge in, over head and ears, but restrain yourself with epicurean self-control, desirous to lengthen out the pleasure as much as possible. First one leg goes in, and is immersed nearly to the knee, the heat quite startling you at first, but almost immediately becoming purely enjoyable. Your leg, in its abrupt descent, has carried with it some little air-bubbles, which remain attached to the skin, looking like silver globules; these you watch detach themselves and rise quivering to the surface, where they vanish. It is time, by this, for the other leg to go in; and, that being safely established, you rest your forearms on either edge of the bath-tub, and allow yourself to sink down into the water.

At first you go very gradually, noticing the slowly-expanding margin of warmth creeping ticklingly over your skin, making the adjoining flesh seem chilly by contrast. But, by the time your waist is submerged, the deliberateness of your epicureanism begins to pall upon you: you are inflamed with an impulse to condense the remainder of the enjoyment into a single, short, intense moment; and, accordingly, allowing your arms to slip from their support, down you come with a rush, and have scarcely time to compress your nostrils between your forefinger and thumb, and shut your eyes, ere the torrid waters close over your head. You permit several seconds to elapse before emerging, hearing, meanwhile, a confused and hurried rumbling in the ears, and wondering how on earth the pearl-divers manage to remain so long under water without breathing.

With your reappearance above the surface—by *your*, of course, understanding merely your eyes, nose, and mouth—the true luxury of the bath begins. How deliciously does the omnipresent warmth embrace your body! How snugly and sweetly does the ardent element fill every nook and lubricate every surface! With what a feeling of utter comfort, security, and *abandon*, do you extend your happy limbs and strive to identify yourself with the heated water! Happening to strike out one leg with some force, what charming little under-currents of increased temperature course about here and there, running up the small of your back, and slipping around your ribs. Raising one hand partly above the surface, you bring it underneath again with a sudden "clump!" and immediately thereafter are sensible of thousands of soft little bubbles rising all around you, like the tender tickling of innumerable fairy fingers. During the first few minutes, you experience a slight oppression on the chest, and labored fetching of the breath, caused by the sudden closing of all the pores of the skin. This, however, though far from being unpleasant, vanishes or is forgotten almost as soon as it is noticed. The uppermost idea in your mind is, that you were never quite so well off in your life before, and that, having got into so satisfactory a resting-place, you will occupy it up to the very last practicable moment.

Lying at full length, your toes just reach to the foot of the tub, while the back of your head rests against the slope at the other end. The water is deep enough entirely to cover you, even when your knees are bent; otherwise you would be in continual discomfort from the necessity of exposing either your knees or your chest, and thereby rapidly cooling yourself. Of course, the displacement of the water, from the space occupied by your body, has caused the water-line to rise considerably, so that it now just verges upon the entrance of the waste-pipe, marked by a series of small, round holes, arranged in concentric circles; and, if you set a wave going, you shall hear it disappear through the orifice with a noise resembling what an old lady makes clearing her throat. With the agitation of the water, you observe your body likewise shifting to and fro; and this puts you in mind to practise sundry gymnastic exercises, easy enough in the bath; but which, could you

perform them without the water's gentle assistance, would entitle you to rank among the most famous athletes that ever breathed. Thus, resting one hand lightly upon the bottom of the tub, you raise and support your entire person with as much facility as an ordinary man would a walking-stick! If that be not enough, you sustain yourself by the pressure of a single toe, and a square inch of pate against the opposite ends of the bath; and, by way of proving how little exertion this feat costs you, you pretend to fall into an easy slumber, still retaining the same position. At length, satisfied with your prowess, you allow yourself to sink back once more into your first arrangement—head thrown back, knees half bent, and arms floating negligently by the sides. As you do so, you notice for the first time that the lower layer of water is colder than the upper—yes, there can be no doubt about it—your knees, which are within an inch or two of the surface, are perceptibly warmer than your back, which rests on the floor of the tub. To place the matter entirely beyond dispute, you rest one foot upon the bottom, and thence raise it gradually toward the top. There—are you satisfied, now? But, while performing this experiment, you are struck by the exceedingly stumpy and rudimentary appearance of your foot, which grows shorter and shorter the nearer it approaches the surface, until finally it seems as if it must compress itself into nothing at all. And here ensues a great marvel. Pushing your researches to the last point, you chance to get a little beyond it, and the summits of your toes poke up of a sudden into the outer air. Wonder of wonders! They more than equal in length all the remainder of your foot which is beneath the water, towering upward in lonely sublimity as if they were the whole thing, and all else was a mere accidental and unnecessary attachment. When their pride is at its height, however, you have a pitfall prepared for them; unexpectedly, and with a vicious jerk, you fetch the entire foot out of water; the component parts assume their proper proportions, and the overweening toes are silenced.

The absorbing interest you have felt in this matter has caused you to forget the circumstances which led to its observation. As your foot sinks to the bottom again you are reminded of it. You acknowledge with half a sigh that the time for soap has come. Knowing that it will be necessary to stand up in the outer air and work hard for several minutes, you naturally feel a reluctance to begin. Suppose—still retaining your comfortable position beneath the water—you lather your hair and face first? The idea is a happy one, and you proceed to put it into execution. At first you try rubbing the soap itself on your head; but, finding that inconvenient, owing to the slipperiness of the material, you charge your hands with a large supply of the suds, and then lay it on well, imitating, as nearly as possible, the "style" of the barber who shampooed you the other day; the soap, meanwhile, occupying a precarious position on the rim of the tub. Your head is now finished, and feels decidedly smaller, owing to the closeness with which your hair is spatted down upon it; and your beard, if you have one, reminds you of a stringy

tassel suspended from your chin. Having made a few concluding passes round the back of your neck and into your ears, you begin to grope—for your eyes, of course, are shut so tightly as almost to cause pain—for your sponge. It is not to be found. You can't remember whether it is in the water or out of it, and all your reachings and feelings are fruitless. It will be necessary to open at least one eye—just for a second, you know—and then shut again before the suds can have time to get in. With wise forethought you face round toward that place where you are certain the sponge must be, and, cautiously raising a lid, you steal a hurried peep. Horror! It isn't there! In despair you throw your glance all around; in so doing unwittingly opening both eyes wide, and finally catch sight of it reposing quietly where you had put it when you first entered the bath, and whence it had not once been moved. But, ere you can grasp it, a pitiable smarting assures you that the soap-suds have improved their opportunity, and made an attack on your retina; you have been defeated, and hardly does the warm deluge of the recovered sponge suffice to wipe away the bitterness thereof.

The incident, however, has had the good effect of in some measure arousing you from your condition of lethargic ease, and, scrambling with slippery difficulty to your feet, you apply the soap vigorously. Beginning with the arms, you extend your sweeps over the shoulders, reaching as far as possible down the back. Next comes the front of the body and 'the legs, and, incidentally, an excursion or two up the small of the back, to meet the downward dashes of a minute previous. And now you are all done. Yet, no! with almost a sigh at the excellence of your memory, you recollect your feet! Well, be quick about it! One after the other you place them on the tub-rim, and do your duty by them nobly, suppressing an exclamation when they slip from your grasp, as they are sure to do, in one direction or another, more than once. Of course, you have all along been experiencing the most harrowing trials from the incontinency of your soap, which flies from your grasp at most unlucky moments, and on one occasion reaches the floor and scoots off just beyond your reach, obliging you to put out an enraged foot by way of getting at it.

But now you *are* done, indeed. Passing your hands over your person, you everywhere encounter a sliding, escaping slipperiness of cuticle, which reminds you of a gigantic melon-seed, fresh from the interior. A sentiment of self-gratulation and pleasure possesses your heart, for you know that at length the reward of your virtue, the most luxurious, most voluptuous moment of all the bath has arrived; the moment when you may slip back again beneath the water, and, under pretence of clearing yourself of the clinging suds, taste the few last and best minutes of enjoyment. The excitement of the lathering has distracted your attention from the rapid lessening of temperature which has been taking place in your skin; but now, as you sink back with a sense of delicious indolence, the grateful warmth of the water makes you realize it. The relapse is even better than the first entrance into the bath. You meet like old friends, ten times more

cordial, after so long and chilling a separation. The pleasure is heightened by a certain element of unexpectedness, for you would not have believed that so much heat remained. Well—well; do not stay long enough to wear out your welcome, or you may chance to discover a cold spot in the heart of even your warmest friend.

As you raise yourself for the second and last time, you observe the curious wrinkles at the ends of the fingers, and in the palm of the hand, and look approvingly at the ghastly whiteness of the nails. The water has assumed a whitish-gray, opaque appearance, and, when the surface is unruffled, might be mistaken for a solid. Splashes of white soap-suds adorn the rim of the tub, and even the wall for some distance upward; and sly, shining pools upon the floor will, later, entrap your heedless stocking-foot. Now you pull out the plug from the bottom, and, as the water takes its hoarse departure through the escape-pipe, you lay hands on a towel and begin leisurely to dry yourself, meditating deeply the while, or seeming to do so, for the quietness and peace of your nervous system react upon your mind. As you throw aside your first towel and take a second—warm water wets twice as much as cold—the last drop of water vanishes with a long-drawn, parting "hawk!" and you step out of the tub gingerly, treading on your heels, and finally taking up a position on the cast-off towel; and then the drying process recommences, and a third, and perhaps a fourth, towel will be necessary ere you are in perfect trim for the resumption of your shirt. Happy are you if you have bethought yourself to bring fresh linen; for so passionately clean have you become, that any thing you have ever worn before appears revolting to your fastidiousness. Perhaps, however, the best shirt to induce now is the night-shirt; and nowhere can you take better advantage of the soothing effects of your ablation than between the fresh, soft sheets of an ample bedstead. Let us trust that the visions which visit you there will be far too sweet and subtle to admit of the most delicate transcription!

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## "IT SNOWED."

A WINTER-MORNING IDYL.

ONE of the most beautiful of sights, for eyes at peace with Providence and the Weather (that secondary divinity "that shapes our ends"), is to awaken to a world buried deep in snow. Not buried, indeed, but warmly laid asleep, by Nature's loving hands, most carefully under the pure coverlid she has woven, all a still December or January night, on her mystic loom up against the stars. After some soft, delicious, flower-creating night in April, you awake, and the peach-blossoms seem to have been touched with magic—how beautiful! But not any less strangely suggestive of enchantment, not less marvelously beautiful, is the snow-fall which loads the bare trees as with a myriad blossoms in their first sunrise. Aladdin's genius built palaces of wonder overnight, of which it is not recorded that they received final and fatal sun-

strokes at morning—at least your curly-headed, six-year-old laureate of the family will not think so, for (maybe he'll prove a mere historian) did not Aladdin and his princess live in their palace? But look at the snow-whim's palaces dazzling the very sunrise!

Ah, you were thinking of ice-houses, were you?

You open your eyes, breathing the chill inspiration of winter air, your whole body in the delicious summer of a north-temperate zone of blankets, and feel an unusual light in the room—a kind of shadow of the white silence everywhere without; and, lifting your head gently, at once the scene steals upon you through the slightly-frosted panes: it has been snowing! Then you remember that there was a quiet rustling, scarcely perceived—the alighting of the numberless wings of the snow-fairies almost inaudible—about your windows, far into the night; all the midnight was hushed to the coming of this mysterious presence; and now all the earth, like an enchanted world, is bound by this spell of the snow.

Soon you hear your children, whose buoyant young souls answer (we are decently fearful to say with Memnon music) to the earliest touches of the morning rays through their windows, merrily breaking the silence below-stairs:

"Snow! snow!"

Like a new, strange world it comes to them, the first snow of the winter, whose approach was proclaimed by the white comings of the frost in October and the long November rains. Like a strange, new world it comes to them, and they are the lookouts who cry "Snow! snow!" instead of "Land! land!"

Into this half fairy-land, this unsubstantial dream reality, they leap, they rush, and take possession; not sternly and solemnly in the name of "Ferdinand and Isabella," or any other evanescent and temporal powers of earth, but merrily, in the name of Joy, and Love, and Hope, and Beauty, the magic and eternal sovereigns of the wide realm of Childhood, under whose invisible ensigns the new worlds are taken possession, and cannot and would not resist.

By this time, really awakened yourself (poor bear in the winter sluggishness of your days!) into some former, almost youthful state of animal spirits, by your children's merry hearts ringing out their joy-bells so clearly by their laughter and happy-shouting voices, you are up, and take a stealthy look below.

Look! look! Will, and Charlie, and Jacob, and Benjamin, have a shrewd battle in the snow; the harmless powder flies and smokes around their glowing faces, that half illumine it with their rosily-flushing brightness, while the innocent cannon-balls fly in quick succession to and fro, and, instead of taking a hapless head off, merely decapitate a mad-cap combatant now and then, and leave him *hors de combat* for a confused moment only, when, like the reserve at Waterloo, he is "up and at them."

You think of this behind your breath-misted window-pane, and then young Napoleon's snow-generalship of old at the military



school arises, and soon the mimic cannon-balls become cannon-balls in reality, the boy's play becomes a man's battle, and the snow-powder, which now gleams into the just-rising sun, a twinkling mist of diamonds, is the lurid cloud of the black gunpowder which makes national earthquakes, and whose explosions palpitate, and tremble, and echo in a million hearts. And you think of Moscow, the terrible Russian snow, and Bonaparte's army retiring, while

"Stern Winter barricades the realms of Frost," and then again you return to young Napoleon and snow-ball battles.

Meanwhile, little Mary, like a pretty Angel of Peace standing beside the battle, or like the gentle Good which grows out of the terrible Evil, and stands apart from it and behind the cloud, watchful, eyes her brothers earnestly, and sympathizes with all, hailing their loving victories.

All this time you have been indolent with your toilet, and now that it is finished, you take a more extensive view of the outside world.

You live in the country, let us presume—yes, and your place is an old-fashioned one; yonder you see your cattle in their cheerful or cheerless precincts (perhaps they keep a stoical mien and stand all weathers), patient beneath projecting eaves of snow on the fore-tops, chewing the stray wisps of hay which had almost effected a thorough retreat under cover of night and snow. (If a Bergh-like fellow-feeling for your beasts of burden occurs to you just here, and you think you will make that little improvement in the barn-yard at once, why, the suggestion will not be unreasonable.) Then you see your haystacks in the field beyond, all a-glisten, like domestic Alps or Apennines, with the sunrise on their summits; and lo! the gate-posts have put on a weird human air and aspect in their grotesque head-dresses! The kitchen-maid here appears out-of-doors with a bucket, and tries to find the well. It seems to have been the especial care of the Snow-Whim (for the wild spirit of the drift needs an apotheosis into capitals and personality) to barricade the well-curb, for around it the white banks are heaped up highest. At length the sweep—the old-fashioned well-sweep, which has been religiously and ridiculously cherished by you in spite of modern pumps and water-pipes—goes up, and a new snow-storm whirls into the breeze and sunrise—and, like innumerable white doves about Sallie's glowing face—as the bucket goes down.

Jingle, jingle, jingle—here's a sleigh! Your enterprising friend and neighbor, Major Williams, pioneers the merry company (but he is only going to market) that before the day is gone shall make music wherever they go: with cloaks, and shawls, and furs, and blankets, and buffalo-skins, and warm hearts, and bright eyes, and song, and shout, and laugh, and love, and happiness, and—sleigh-bells!

Now you have just thought, by some under-current suggestion, of Sir John Franklin and snow-shoes, and Esquimaux and white-bears (those terrible but easily-melted ghosts that haunt the North), and reindeer and ice-bergs, and infinite fields of ice under the

weird mystery of the northern lights; and you wonder if American enthusiasm will not yet burn through a Northwest passage, or whether the great Ice-King (whatever that may be) will fold his ermine of silence and majesty about him forever, and never abdicate his throne of solitude at the north-pole.

"The open sea in that region," so you fancy, "is at least an open question, and—" Your breakfast-bell rings.

Your wife puts her arm on your shoulder at the bottom of the stairs.

Ah, where summer blooms all the years in two loving hearts, what matter if on the brows of two who love it has been snowing?

The sweet soul, the "dear girl," as you call her whose "sphere" has been your smile and her children's happiness only for many a year, has been up and down, busy with home, for two hours; and how rosy your children's faces look, as, with glad appetites, they sit around you, and you see the Aurora streaming up over the snow of your age (we cannot doubt that some people grow old, and why should we deceive you?) from the dream of your childhood that has stolen away into their bright eyes and into the birds'-nests of their hearts.

"It snowed, papa," says Bennie, with his lips like blossoms, and his blue eyes five years old.

But he doesn't mean that you are growing old.

J. J. PIATT.

## THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE newspaper critics who have written about the Water-color Exhibition now open at the Academy in this city, seem to have taken it for granted that one may be a good painter in water-colors without having the ability to paint well in oils, even though he attempts both these branches of art. To us, on the contrary, it seems clear that, if a person has his eye, his hand, and his feelings, so trained and developed that he can express his ideas well on canvas, he can, with a little practice, do equally well with pencils, crayons, charcoal, or any other material up to the point of which such materials are capable.

There are in this exhibition many pictures by men who, perhaps, have never touched an oil-color, and their work is very good, but, with the knowledge they show, it would be equally good in oils, so soon as they should have overcome the mechanical obstacles that stand in their way. And the converse of this is equally true. Those who paint well in oils can, with a little practice, paint well in water-colors. Mr. Bellows, Mr. Colman, Mr. William T. Richards, Mr. R. S. Gifford, and Mr. Tiffany, for examples, are well known as reliable colorists and draughtsmen, with largely-developed sentiment and knowledge as artists, and, just as they stand first rate among our oil-painters, so they occupy the first places in this collection among the American school of water-color painters. There is a second class of pictures by men who have devoted themselves solely to water-colors, in the English or rather one of the English

methods of handling, that are equally as good as the works by the men we have mentioned, and which may be distinguished from the first by the forms of the objects in them being suggested rather than made out definitely, as they often are by the artists who have worked chiefly in oil; and these pictures need to be looked at from a little distance, when gray, purple, or blue masses of color, that are apparently shapeless, start out into expressive forms. One striking peculiarity of these pictures is, that the touches are laid on with great force and precision. The pictures by both these classes of painters have the great artistic merits of breadth and simplicity of treatment, and harmony of color. If a painter of either class were making a picture, it would be as apparent to him if a green was too green whether it were done with oils or water-colors; and harsh lines and awkward forms would be equally disagreeable, whatever the material in which they were portrayed. It may be easier or harder to get certain effects with one material than with another, but it is only a matter of personal trouble, and the real artist ignores it in seeking well-understood results.

Let us begin with the class first mentioned. Mr. A. F. Bellows has several paintings in the collection, all of them charming, and possessing his usual characteristics of sweet, sunny color, quiet, peaceful feeling, and a mature and experienced knowledge of Nature. The largest of these pictures in the North Room, No. 248, "Ferry on the Thames," is a view of a point in the river where its smooth waters wind round a little point covered by a group of trees, gray with intervening atmosphere, which are drawn very delicately, and, together with a church-tower and a bit of distant country, make a pleasing background to the main objects in the picture, a low, flat boat, in which two or three sleepy-looking horses are standing harnessed to a heavy cart with a hooped canvas top, covered by a parti-colored blanket. Baskets of gay colors appear at the back of the wagon, and a whiff of blue smoke curls into the air from the pipe of a woman on the front seat. A boy on a horse stands on the reedy shore waiting his chance to embark, while the ferry-man completes the group.

Another of Mr. Bellows's pictures, and second in size to the "Ferry," is No. 223, also in the North Room, called "Christmas Eve." The scene represents a winter afternoon toward twilight, but the ground is free of snow. Leafless trees—

"Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet bird sang," are pencilled against the gray sky, and a cool blue mist rests about their trunks and roots. Beside the river runs a country road, along which a heavy cart laden with Christmas-boughs is toiling toward the rude bridge that crosses the stream in the distance. The scene is very peaceful, and in the clear water, the motionless trees, and the gathering gray of the twilight, most of the senses are appealed to through the imagination, in the obvious coolness of the air, the smell of the dead leaves rising in the blue vapor, and the utter absence of all sound, excepting the slow rumble of the cart along the road. The other pictures by the same artist are equally

charming, though not so conspicuous in the collection, owing to their smaller size. In passing, we may remark that Mr. Bellows's works are free from the sketchy, *thin* look that is so often objected to in water-colors. This is, of course, owing chiefly to the trained eye that enables him to see how full his color really is; but a means he uses largely to promote this end is to lay on his last touches of high light with solid color, as oils are used; and this solid color catches and holds the eye equally in either material.

Of the same class of work, Mr. Colman has contributed eight or nine paintings. Just as he succeeds delightfully in oil-colors, he is charming in this branch. The largest of his works, No. 271, is a painting of a "Spanish Bull-Fight," prompted by Byron's famous description in "Childe Harold." It is hard to imagine what made him choose this subject, though we should not complain, as it gives us a mass of lovely color. Mr. Colman's imagination seems to have been filled with a desire to portray harmonious combinations of the earth reds; and he has succeeded in giving us melodies of color, if we may use the phrase, through several of his pictures in this collection.

In the "Bull-Fight" the hue of the arena is a reddish earth, as is that of the buildings that surround it; and over every thing rests the warm southern sunlight, throwing the recesses into purple tones. But it is the *local* color, not the sunshine, that impresses one chiefly in the painting; and it was probably as a study of *local* color, and not of light nor subject, that the artist was chiefly interested in it.

Another of these "melodies of color" is No. 303—"The Marble Quarries at Hastings-on-Hudson." Those who are familiar with the yellow gravel and marble pits, through which one climbs from the edge of the river to the cliff above it, will be pleased to recognize what has always seemed a hot and dreary waste, so transformed by the painter's art. Several of Mr. Colman's sketches in the Rocky Mountains are very charming; but there is one little picture called "Villiers le Bel-France," No. 420, that is more in his old style. Exquisitely-outlined trees rise against a tender blue sky, and green meadows sweep toward the centre of the picture.

Mr. William T. Richards has about half a dozen paintings, but we have only space to mention two—Nos. 306 and 404. They are both small, and are both views from Atlantic City, New Jersey—one at morning, the other at evening. The evening view is the simplest, and, in some respects, is more impressive than any painting in the collection. A full sea is rolling on a white beach, rockless and objectless. The under-side of the waves is pale green, far out toward the offing, with broken white caps here and there; while their upper surface reflects the cool, gray shadow from the sky. Upon the edge of light clouds that fringe the upper sky hangs a pale, crescent moon. The picture is remarkably simple, but there is an awful feeling of reality about the lonely shore, and one almost smells and feels the cold salt mist that rests over the sea. The companion picture is the same view, only it is more cheerful in the morning light.

Mr. R. Swain Gifford and Mr. Louis Tiffany have each delightful views, mostly of Eastern figures and scenes. No. 257, a "Street Scene in Cairo," by Mr. Tiffany, is bold and rich. It represents a group of Saracenic buildings, with round arches. Canopied balconies and verandas are surrounded by curtains. In the centre a tall red minaret rises into the air, and banners float from the windows, and are suspended over buildings. On the street, tall, turbaned figures, in white garments, are grouped with boys on donkeys, and give repose or vivacity, as one chooses to consider it, to the scene; while the eternal deep blue of the sky rises over all.

No. 424, "Study of an Eastern Dragoman," by Mr. R. Swain Gifford, is full of color. A dark-skinned man is lying stretched out on a camp-chair, dressed in rich yellow stuff, with a red fez on his head. Various mantles of green satin and embroidered robes fall about his person, and a dagger lies across his arm.

Besides these paintings, and many more too numerous to mention, with our limited space, there are several works greatly deserving attention, though they do not form a very prominent feature in the Exhibition. Calame has a little painting, No. 339, "Switzerland." This picture is somewhat formal in its treatment, but it is full of tender light, and there is a great deal of space and atmosphere between the spectator and the mountains, and a lovely light rests over the lake. The trees are not studied from Nature with the fidelity we often see, but they are graceful and breezy, and the tone of the whole picture is mellow and pleasing.

No. 235, "Christ at Emmaus," by C. R. Leslie, does not appear to have any especial claim to be in the Exhibition. It is a sketch for a picture, and the work of a mature artist, of course, and, being by Leslie, has great value.

No. 253, "River Scenery," by the eminent English painter, S. Prout, is very simple and subdued; a cool, gray-green tree and a boat, somewhat stiff in drawing, moored to the shore. The picture is cold and rather devoid of interest, but there is an exquisite charm in the gradation of the tints and the complete harmony of the little painting.

Another of the same class is No. 484, "Old Mills," by Thomas Cole. This picture scarcely seems to be any thing—it is no way striking in drawing, color, or composition. But nobody who studies it can fail to recognize the trained eye and skilled fingers that have traced so carefully the spokes of the wheels, with the light breaking into them here and there, and shadows broadening them into simplicity.

The Millards are largely represented, in the English style, by about twenty pictures. The subjects are mostly of English and Welsh scenery, and are very brilliant in light and shadow. One of the most interesting, No. 337, "Fleecy Clouds—Mount Washington," expresses our own scenery by this English interpretation. A light cloud has got entangled among the gorges and bare fissures of the mountain-top, that rise cold and sharp from the valley beneath. A running brook, which one can hardly see when close to the picture, on account of the uncertain color and touches

of paint, leaps and dashes over the rocks when one stands a few feet away. The colors are pure and rich in most of these works, and wind, space, and light, are always interesting in them. Artistically, they are broadly handled and simple. But our space will not allow us to examine them further.

No. 313, "The Mouth of the St. John's River, Florida," by Mr. Harry Fenn, attracts a good deal of attention. The view consists of a loose, white sand-beach, running out into the sea in low bars. Beside the beach stands a group of palm-trees, brown and dry, in front of a dark pine-wood. Farther down the coast rise stunted evergreens, bent back by winds from the sea, that have driven the sand part way up against their trunks. There are no figures in the painting, but branches of decayed leaves from the palms, touched in by Mr. Fenn's brilliant pencil, break up the monotony of the coast-line, and help to give animation to the picture. Besides this painting, Mr. Fenn has also a good study of the head of a colored woman, forming one of quite a number of interesting subjects of the same order in the Exhibition.

D. Fowler's work has very rich color, and he shows great knowledge of detail in his scenes from still-life; but this knowledge is always kept subordinate to the higher one of general strength and fullness of form. We ought also to speak of two exquisite little paintings by Marten, if we had more space at our disposal. Mrs. Murray is too well known to need praise. A "Dalmatian Peasant" of hers is one of the best pictures in the Exhibition.

There are many lovely flower-paintings in the collection. Miss Gabriella F. Eddy has some charming works. The subjects afford her a theme upon which to weave fine harmonies of color. Mrs. Carson, of South Carolina, shows much feeling and knowledge of the general combination of forms and effect in her pictures; and Miss Ellen Robbins takes one to the open fields in spring-days.

It is impossible, in one short notice, to speak of half the pictures at all, or to say half one wants to about those which are mentioned. Mr. Hart, Mrs. Darrah, and many others, we must pass over with the remark that much of the good work of the Exhibition is in their paintings.

SUEAN NICHOLS CARTER.

## THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

**T**HEOPHILUS PARSONS, for many years Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University, and the author of many valuable and authoritative works on American jurisprudence, is the eldest son of Theophilus Parsons, who was Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court early in the present century, from 1806 to 1813. The elder Parsons was born in 1750, and was long one of the shining lights of the Massachusetts bar, in which the traditions of his learning, wit, and peculiar characteristics, still remain. President Adams appointed him attorney-general in February, 1801, and the Senate confirmed the appointment, but Parsons declined the office. In 1808, Governor Caleb Strong ap-

pointed him chief justice, as the successor of Francis Dana, who resigned. This dignity had previously been filled, under the constitution, by John Adams, William Cushing, and Nathaniel P. Sargent. Chief-Justice Parsons was born on the 17th of March, 1797, at Newburyport. Three years later his father removed to Boston, where the son grew up, being fitted there for Harvard University, which he entered in 1811, in the fourteenth year of his age, and where he graduated in 1815. His class was notable for the number of its distinguished members: among them were Jared Sparks, the historian; John G. Palfrey, author of the "History of New England" and other valuable works; and Professor Convers Francis. After graduation, Parsons, who was destined for the profession in which his father had achieved so enviable a rank, entered the office of William Prescott, father of the historian of "Ferdinand and Isabella," and then one of the leading members of the Boston bar. Of this excellent man, his former pupil speaks in most fitting and graceful terms in the dedication to William H. Prescott of his work on "The Law of Contracts." In 1817, Mr. Parsons made a tour in Europe, from which he returned in the following year to finish his legal education, or that preliminary part of it necessary to enter upon practice—for a lawyer's education is never finished—and put out his sign in Boston. Mr. Parsons was social in his tastes and habits, and soon found himself surrounded by a large circle of acquaintances, who, doubtless, discovered in him that rich fund of anecdote and those attractive conversational powers which later made him the most entertaining of law professors. He saw that in the metropolis his large acquaint-

ance interfered with professional progress, and so, in 1822, removed to Taunton, where he remained, practising law and representing the town in the Legislature, for five years, returning to Boston again in 1827. His father's name and reputation, and his own recognized talents, soon gained for him a lucrative position at the Boston bar. The specialties in the profession in which he made most progress were those of admiralty and insurance. In 1847 he succeeded Simon Green-

no equal in this country in the faculty of engaging and holding the student's attention. Familiar with the topics which it was his especial province to treat—those of admiralty, evidence, mercantile and insurance law, contracts, bills, and notes, maritime law, etc.—both by a long practical experience at the bar, and by the laborious study necessary to the writing of his professional works, Professor Parsons developed them by a vivacious style, colloquial and familiar, replete with

striking and often amusing illustration, and impressed the leading principles and rules by short and crisp sentences which were well adapted to gain a hold upon the memory. His delivery was always easy and attractive, his voice clear and sonorous, his utterance smooth and unhesitating. He recognized the futility of attempting to inculcate professional principles by a hard and dryly simple statement of them. Dulness he avoided in his lectures, thinking, probably, that more of the pills which it was his task to administer, in the shape of "rules" and "points," would be swallowed if gilded here and there by anecdote and reminiscence, than if forced down in their bare and blank dryness. Thus the students, who were privileged to listen to his lectures, did indeed listen to



THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

leaf (author of the authoritative work on "Evidence") as Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University, in which office he remained until 1869, when he resigned and retired. The period during which Professor Parsons occupied this chair was a most interesting one, including as it did the era of the civil war, which gave rise to many novel questions of law, which were elucidated in the lectures and moot courts of the school by himself and his colleagues, Judge Joel Parker and ex-Governor Emory Washburn. As a lecturer on law, probably Mr. Parsons has

them, and learned many incidental facts concerning the great lawyers and legal and political history of the professor's generation, as well as the foundations upon which the jurisprudence of the country rests. Thus the hour at which he took his place in the high desk in Dane Hall was looked forward to with agreeable anticipation, and the lectures remembered with pleasure.

Professor Parsons's literary career began as far back as 1819, when he began to write for the *North American Review*, then the only substantial and well-known quarterly in this



country, and under the editorship of Professor Channing. The *North American* was then, as it is still, regarded as the organ of the *literati* of Harvard; and these early articles of Parsons betrayed at once the versatility of his reading and graces of style, which have since yielded him an enviable reputation as an essayist. He continued to write for its pages in the immediately subsequent years, and has occasionally done so since. He varied his legal pursuits by establishing in 1825 a monthly magazine called *The United States Literary Gazette*, the editorship of which he undertook during the first year of its existence. His tact, taste, and editorial ability, were testified by the fact that, at the end of the year, the *Gazette* was self-supporting, then a much more rare occurrence than at present, for the circle of magazine-readers a half a century ago was much smaller than in this universally reading generation, even in proportion to the population; and such literary enterprises needed great resolution and courage. Mr. Parsons found that his residence in Taunton made it inconvenient to continue as editor of the *Gazette*, though it was an occupation well suited to his tastes, and, at the end of the first year, he passed it into other hands. He subsequently became joint-editor with Pliny Merrick, late Judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, of *The Free Press*, a newspaper published in Taunton; and, on resuming his residence in Boston in 1827, he became the associate of Judge Willard Phillips, in the editorship of *The Galaxy*. The same year was established, in Boston, *The New Jerusalem Magazine*, the monthly organ of the Swedenborgian or New Church denomination, a periodical which is still in existence. Mr. Parsons, who had some years before embraced the tenets of faith announced in the works of the great Swede, took a keen interest in this event, and aided the new venture by his experienced editorial counsel, and by frequent contributions, which he has continued on occasion throughout his career. The elegance and lucidity of his style have done much to render clear and intelligible to all the world the doctrines in which he is a zealous and earnest believer. Besides many pamphlets and newspaper articles which have, during the past forty-five years, proceeded from his pen, on a large variety of philosophical, religious, political, legal, and critical topics, Professor Parsons is the author of a number of professional and other works of substantial reputation. He has published for the New Church, "Sunday Lessons," three volumes of admirable "Essays," which are models of pure English and eloquent commentaries on the main points of Swedenborgian faith, an octavo called "Deus Homo," called out by "Ecce Homo," and, lastly, "The Infinite and the Finite," a philosophical work published a few weeks ago. The number of legal text-books written and published by Parsons attest the great industry and zeal for his profession which have marked the last quarter of a century of his life. Of these, perhaps, the most important and familiar to the "gentlemen of the gown" is "The Law of Contracts," in three volumes, which is as well an almost universal text-book in our law-schools as an authority in our courts. His

other law-books are "Notes and Bills," two volumes; "Partnership," one volume; "Mercantile Law," one volume; "Marine Insurance," two volumes; "Shipping and Admiralty," two volumes; and "Laws of Business for Business Men," one volume. Most of these works, and especially the first and last, which pertain to questions constantly arising in everyday business-life, meet with a steady and permanent sale. Professor Parsons in 1823 married Catherine Chandler, daughter of Nathaniel Chandler, of Petersham, Massachusetts; and he has had seven children, six of whom are now living. He resides at Cambridge, and still continues, from time to time, his contributions to the periodical press and the literature of the day, maintaining his keen interest in all subjects affecting the community, and especially in all that relates to scientific and religious truth. Though he has passed the age of threescore-and-ten, his mental powers are still vigorous, and he still keeps up that wide and intimate acquaintance, for which he has always been remarkable, with the latest researches of science, and the freshest novelties in all the forms of literature.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

## WINTER SPORTS ON THE JERSEY COAST.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.

NEARLY one-half the State of New Jersey is composed of sea-sand alluvion, the region declining from the hills which form the centre and northern boundaries. The section we allude to makes an extended frontage on the sea, and possesses that charm of climate so peculiar to Southern Virginia. By an examination of the map, it will be perceived that the lines of travel which lie between New-York City, Philadelphia, and the national capital, cross New Jersey through its centre; and consequently the country stooping toward the south has, up to this time, remained quite as much unknown as if it were a thousand instead of a few score miles from our great metropolis.

In this region are to be found almost every variety of undulating landscape, innumerable swiftly-running streams, desert-wastes of sand, dark and—if superficially examined—repulsive lagoons, miniature harbors, and a numerous, most prosperous, and somewhat peculiar population. But, more than this, few places in the Northern States afford the year round such a variety and abundance of game, including the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the inhabitants of the great deep. From early times, the local population has lived and thrived upon these sources of wealth; and there have been a few citizens of New York always, who, avoiding the tedious and expensive routine of fashionable summer watering-places, have found health in the fresh ocean-breeze, the pure air, and the inducement of sport afforded by the never-ending charms of Tuckahoe, Absecon, and Squam Beach. Of course, these places are attractive in summer. When the fields are green, the air balmy, and the ocean calm, any

place in our temperate climate is desirable. But we propose to speak of the time-beguiling pleasures of winter, when it is supposed that the rude Atlantic wave is ever lashed with storm-pestered fury, and the nooks and hiding-places are receptacles only of frost, ice, and snow, and as desolate of living things as the grave.

But such is not the repulsive character of the winter, and, stranger still, the game is far more abundant than in the summer solstice. When December is fully established, the wild-fowl from the regions beyond Labrador, and the icy coasts of the polar seas, come in great clouds to this favored coast, sometimes darkening the air with their flights, and, by their moving wings, making the heavens tremble as if burdened with distant thunder. It would seem as if, in the far-off nestling-places of the extreme north, this wholesome variety of nutritious food, were raised to be in due time self-transported to our shores. If, therefore, the people in these wild places have no rich, undulating fields of wheat, no inviting orchards of delicious fruit, no dark, loamy soil teeming with esculent plants, they still have their profitable industries, their successive crops to be worked for and gathered, receiving an abundant reward for their well-directed labor.

It seems to us a fortunate thing, if not over-ambitious, to be born one of these hunting and fishing laborers in the great field of human toil, leading a life so akin to sport that thrift waits upon amusement, where the rod and the gun are in constant use, where outdoor exercises are a necessity, where your wits are provoked by the wonderful instincts of self-preservation of the birds and beasts, who are yet ever subservient to the great law that all these created things should be food for man.

Great Egg-Harbor River and Little Egg-Harbor River drain the coast from ten or fifteen miles inland, meandering through many cory nooks, and reflecting in their clear waters not only the stately summer retreat of some wealthy metropolitan, but more harmoniously repeating the charms of the hunter's cottage, or some rural inn, with their picturesque surroundings, and finally emptying into two estuaries, grandly denominated by the local inhabitants Great Egg and Little Egg Harbors. If Lilliput had existed in the New World, we think these two sea-bowls are just the size to contain the grand fleets of Broddingnag.

In the course of centuries, the ever-rolling surf has thrown up a great line of sand, to protect the coast, seemingly, from its more outrageous conduct in the winter storms. This solid wall is known as "Long Beach," and hides away on its land-side many cozy places, and afford footholds for hotels and hostelries, which are exceedingly popular in summer, offering all possible inducements of more fashionable resorts, yet relieved of all the exactions and restraints which attend a pretentious crowd. "Harvey Cedars," on the beach opposite Barnegat village and ten miles below the light-house, and the "Old Mansion," situated between Barnegat Light and the "Cedars," are charming resorts in summer, and in winter, in their immediate vicinity,

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offer excellent sport. Here are ever to be found just the right kind of persons to lead you into amusing adventures, or extemporize some excursion which will be overflowing with jolly incidents. Somewhat out of the way is Avon Pharos's "Old Hut," which in winter has a sad but humanizing influence, as it peers over the broken sand-hills covered with snow. In all these centres, and at the hospitable tavern of "Double Jennings's" Hunting-ground, and "Charley Martin's," at Barnegat, a good meal can be obtained; and, if you have a taste for the best fish that swim in the sea, and the juiciest water-fowl that skim the air, they are at your service.

Whatever may be said of the merits of Professor Blot, or any other professed cook, this plain, unsophisticated boiling and basting of these creature comforts over live coals of oak or balsamic pine have an intrinsic freshness and truthfulness of taste of the original product that cannot be elsewhere obtained. You have the real qualities of the fish and the flesh, all of which gradually disappear, after killing, by time and transportation. The costly condiment, the rich service of plate, the elegant surroundings, do but disguise and make unobservable what your dishes have really lost. About one, under the most favorable circumstances, linger the pernicious smells of the kitchen, or the contamination of exhalations of other things; but of the refreshment consumed on the sea-beach you have, with the viands, a purity of air, sweet as the breath of heaven, and sea-foam of which the Goddess of Love and Beauty was born.

Water-fowl have, the world over, their favorite resorts, and one of them on the Jersey coast is known by the apt name of Shelter Island. Here, and in the vicinity, at the proper months of the year, at nightfall, come the wild-geese in thousands, and brent in numbers difficult to comprehend—so numerous, indeed, at times, that the water will be black with their bobbing forms for miles around, their flights, when disturbed, often darkening the noonday sun like a cloud. When young and in good condition, they are among the choicest of all our game water-fowl. They comprise broadbills, mallard, coot, blacken-duck, widgeon, spoon-bill, and the teal, and, last, the dipper, or "butter-ball," the smallest of all the innumerable specimens of the natatores which visit our coast.

Our illustrations speak more eloquently than words of the picturesque and novel scenery peculiar to the "Egg Harbors" to which we have alluded, and give vivid ideas of the pursuits of the local inhabitants, occasionally accompanied by some "citizen," who, stealing away from the cares of "winter business," has a "good time" in remunerative sport almost within sight of the spire of Trinity.

The pursuit of wild-fowl, by the aid of "decoys," is as old as deception itself. There are Egyptian paintings extant, possibly three thousand years old, representing the men of the Nile enticing game within their reach by the aid of these carved and painted allurements. Some of these wooden ducks of modern construction are very excellent imitations

of the originals, and we have seen some "dummies" which very admirably suggested the nice distinctions in shape and plumage which separate the mallard from the canvas-back, or the little black duck from the dipper. But the web-footed realities have, it appears, very little discrimination, for they are seemingly content with the rudest imitations, and will recognize them as warm-blooded, intelligent originals, and cheerfully fly to their vicinity for safe anchorage and good feeding-grounds, only to be sacrificed by the superior wit of the unconscionable hunter. Still, we should not perhaps undervalue the sagacity of the birds, usually so able to shun danger; for we have known a sagacious sportsman, well posted in ornithology, and a first-rate shot on the wing, who has followed for hours together a few stray decoys which had parted from their fastenings, and were floating gracefully and very naturally down the swift current of the sedge-lined stream.

One of the charms of this sport of fowl-shooting is the "camp at night." Some favorable spot is selected, the boat is drawn well on shore, and a fire is made from the loose brush and bits of wreck. The contrast which is sometimes created by the red glare of the camp-fire and the silvery face of the full moon, with the obtruding form of the "beached" boat and the moving actors, made poetical by the dim light, would have charmed even Salvator Rosa. The atmosphere, so cold and crisp, and rather disagreeable when a demanding and impatient appetite is clamoring for food, in time becomes fragrant with barbecued ducks and fish, the latter absolutely alive when put in the pan, now crisping to the finest tint of brown. There is no use of denying the truth that even sweet salt pork gives unction to the grateful aroma, and the hunters finally indulge in a meal, delicious and wholesome in itself, but made fourfold more grateful by previous fasting and healthful exercise. It is astonishing how witty dull people will become under such favorable circumstances, or how easily one laughs when enjoying palatable food. The night, however, wears on, hunger is satisfied, the fire burns low, and the stories of flood and field cease to charm. Under the protection of the stronghold of the boat, the rude couch is sought, and undisturbed rest is enjoyed. The morning opens with our hunters eager for another day's sport.

The beautiful fishing-yachts, which in summer are so fleet of wing, in winter are supplied with an upper cabin, and warmed by a generous stove. Thus the fisherman on the Jersey coast carries his house with him, and is as independent and defiant of cold as if stowed away in his "bunk at home." The fishermen-hunters of the Jersey coast vary their occupation sometimes with the kindred pursuit of wreckers, and, while they have no taste for ventures off soundings, they are brave and resolute in saving life and property from the stranded ship. Captain Bill Farrell, known to all sportsmen on the coast, when young, was famous for his exploits in storms, in rescuing passengers and property from wrecks, and will tell sometimes, with a manner all unconscious of its effect, thrilling stories of lives saved and lost, and hair-breadth escapes. He has naturally a thor-

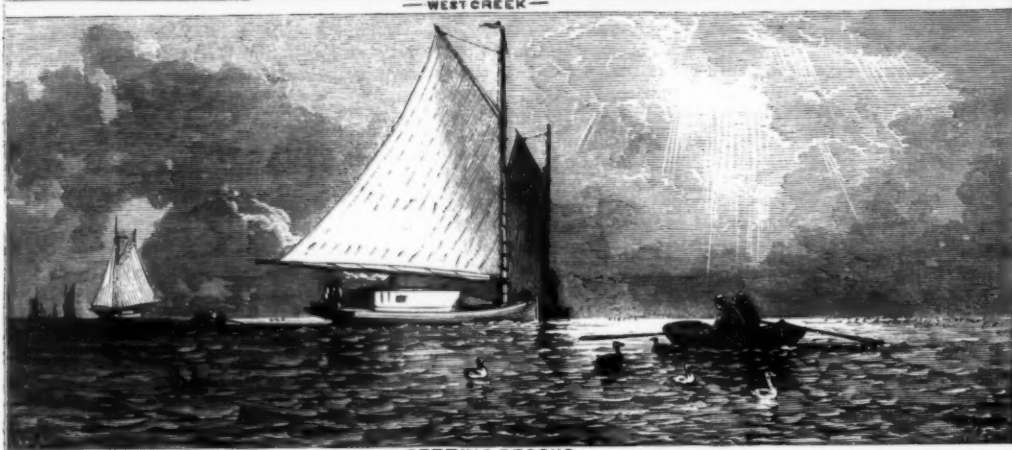
ough contempt for ordinary trade, which sentiment was confirmed by the following incident: On one occasion a ship from the Mediterranean, loaded with dried fruit, ran ashore near Barnegat. The beach for a long distance, among other things, was lined with prunes. Harnessing up his "carryall," he started for the "interior," and peddled with great success his suddenly-acquired tropical fruit. His success was wonderful; his pockets were lined with silver, and his wagon empty. When about to return home, an evil disposed constable arrested our amphibious merchant, brought him before a "squire," who fined him the entire proceeds of his day's work for daring to peddle without a license. If you say any thing to "Long Bill" about this unfortunate expedition, he will instantly go into detailed descriptions of sea-sharks and other rapacious destructives of the great deep, which are, according to Bill's testimony, quite mild and liberal in their treatment of "fellows overboard" compared with that constable and justice who swindled him out of his venture in prunes.

One of the most popular ways of hunting ducks, especially with tyros, is by the aid of a "blind." This is a manner particularly fascinating to amateur sportsmen, for it is generally successful, and is not the result of hard work; in fact, the game, instead of being pursued, literally comes to you. The "blind" is often erected on the skiff, which is allowed to float among the game; but the most attractive is the "blind" erected on some small island in the bay or at the foot of a sedge-bank, made conspicuous by some old weather-worn tree. With such a natural object towering over the general level, to advertise your location, under your rude covert of brush and twigs, you lie in wait. Hours may pass, and you only perceive the loon calling a mile away, or hear the whistling pinions of geese and brant high in the air, and out of the reach of your gun. At last, quite discouraged, you begin to despair, when possibly a mallard, glowing with green and gold, will lead the way, and your retreat will be invaded by a busy flock, whistling, chattering in whispers, and unfolding their pinions, as if in consultation at the prospect of rest and food. The sharp ringing of the successive discharges of your truly-aimed weapons covers the surrounding waters with your victims. The dead turn upon their sides and float unprotesting on the ebbing tide; the living whirl into the air with a shrill noise, as if ascending by the clicks of steel springs, scream their surprise and indignation, and are soon lost in their descent toward the distant horizon. With beating heart and over-weening excitement, an excitement, indeed, which surprises yourself, you secure the fruits of your prowess, and again lie in wait under the cover of your "blind."

The region of New Jersey which we have so imperfectly described, by its peculiar geographical location has remained, up to the present time, in almost a primitive state of seclusion. The favored few of our citizens who have been in the habit year after year of visiting these "happy hunting-grounds," have never been seduced from their admiration to other resorts. But the want of pleasant and



—WEST CREEK—



SETTING DECOYS



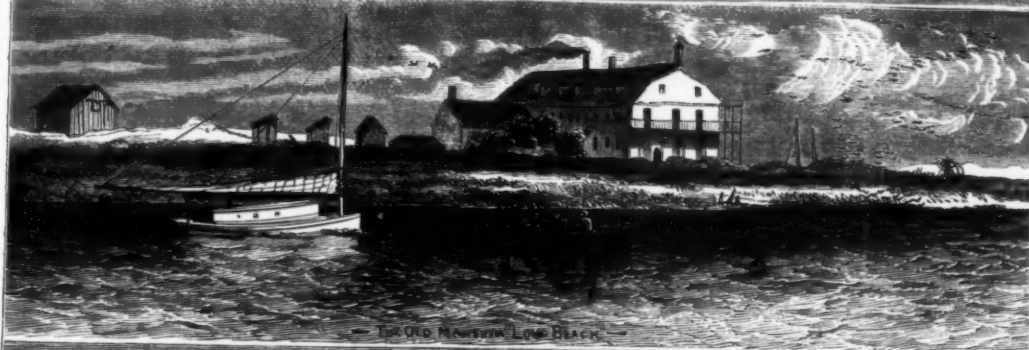
LITTLEEGG HARBOR BAY

WINTER SPORTS ON





HARVEY CEDARS LONG BEACH



THE OLD MAN FROM LONG BEACH



THE OLD HUT



CAPT. BELL ON SHELTER ISLAND

expeditious conveyance has given these people a monopoly, which is soon to be destroyed by the opening of a railroad which will connect the extremest points of Southern New Jersey with New York. This great work accomplished, a new era will be opened, a broader and wider field of amusement and recreation will be at the service of New Yorkers, and, as the game of fowl and fish is inexhaustible, coming as it does each season from abroad, numbers of destroyers will not lessen the sport, nor interfere with the abundance which a kind Providence has placed in the very door-way of our magnificent harbor to bless us with food of the most delicious quality, and afford us exercise of the most inspiring and innocent kind.

T. B. THORPE.

## "GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

By RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

PEOPLE cannot keep their mouths open forever—not even *Jemima Herrick*—they must shut them at last. Mostly they shut them very soon. No passion is so short-lived as astonishment. "A nine-days' wonder" is a hyperbolical expression. Who ever wondered at the awfullest murder, the most startling *enclandre*, the most unlooked-for turn of Fortune's quick wheel, during nine whole days? If walking on your head were to come into fashion, within three days it would excite no surprise to see people pounding along the pavement on their hats and bonnets, with their boots in the air. The neighborhood has been informed of Lenore's transfer from one lover to the other, and its "ohs" and "ahs," and head-shakings thereon, are over and done with. After all, they have been fewer than have been expected; people had so long made up their minds that Scrope was the right man that few of them had arrived at the knowledge that he was the wrong one before they were officially informed that he was the right one again. He has always been seen about with her; he is evidently her fittest mate in youth and comeliness; in this case all the sympathy goes with the successful lover. Does not he ride as straight as a die? Is not he as handsome as paint? Do not we know all his antecedents? Does not his property lie, does not his ugly old red abbey stand, in this our county? Paul, unknown, plain, and saturnine, commands neither good wishes nor regrets. It has been announced that the engagement was dissolved by mutual consent—a course always adopted by the friends of the lady when the gentleman cries off. Lenore, however, is no party to this deception. Everybody's presents have been returned to him, and again sent back. On the principle of "To him that hath shall be given," the rich Mrs. Scrope's wedding-gifts are threefold greater and more numerous than those of the poor Mrs. Le Me-

surier. On hearing of the change in her fortunes—if not for the better, at least for the more consequential—the Websters supplement their portly teapot with a cream-jug and sugar-basin to match. And Lenore, when she sees the teapot come back—the teapot out of which she was to have poured Paul's tea, in the little narrow house they had planned—she laughs violently.

"Do not let them send me any new congratulations—any of them," she says, dryly; "tell them the old ones will do; they need only alter the *initials*, as I am doing with my pocket-handkerchiefs."

Scrope has no father, and Lenore has no money, which two facts greatly facilitate the law arrangements. Whether *indecently* soon or not, the wedding-day is drawing on. Lenore has thrown herself into the business of *trousseau-buying* with an ardor more than feminine—with an artistic frenzy of a Frenchwoman, of a *petite maitresse enragée*.

"Finery always was my snare," she says, laughing. "I loved even my cotton gowns and gingham umbrellas tenderly; but now—if being married entails such a saturnalia of fine clothes, I should like to have a wedding every year."

Lenore is very lively; she runs about the house all day singing; she walks, she rides, she plays billiards; she studies "Murray" and "Bradshaw" with avidity, making out routes to the ends of the earth; but she never sits still. Her cheeks are rosy red, and her eyes sparkle and glitter like beautifullest great sapphires.

"You are quite the most *eager* bride I ever saw," Sylvia says one day, with a doubtful compliment. "Poor Charlie toils after you in vain. I always imagined that impatience was the monopoly of the gentleman; I am sure" (sighing and looking down) "it was so in my case. I thought the days *raced* by—positively *raced*; if you remember, *Jemima*, I said so to you at the time."

"Did you? I dare say."

"Now, Lenore, on the contrary, seems anxious to *hurry* them. Fancy!" casting up her eyes and hands to heaven.

"I am anxious," says the girl, smiling rather wistfully. "I mean to be so happy—I want to begin. I am sorry it is not *en règle*; but I cannot help that. How many more days are there? One, two, three, four, five—bah!" (taking up two parcels that lie on the hall-table), "a couple more ivory prayer-books! *Jemima*, if there come any more prayer-books, you must send them back, and say that there is a glut of books of devotion."

The wedding-feast is to be gay and large; the house to be crowded and crammed from attic to cellar, chiefly with Scrope's people; mother, unmarried sister, married sister and husband, uncles, unmarried men, cousins.

"A perfect horde of barbarians!" says Sylvia, complacently swimming into the drawing-room, on the afternoon of the day on which they are expected, her little figure very upright, head slightly thrown back, and bust protruded, as is her way when the war-paint is on. "I have quite a good mind to run away and hide myself in a corner, and leave Tommy, as my deputy, to receive them.—Will

you, Tommy? How amusing it would be, and how astonished they would look!"

"One could hardly wonder at them," answers *Jemima*, dryly. *Jemima's* head and bust are much as usual.

"As long as I have Charlie beside me I don't mind," continues Mrs. Progers, looking at herself over her left shoulder in the glass, in one of Sylvia's strained and distorted attitudes; "he is my sheet-anchor. Poor, dear, old Charlie!" (laughing a little) "to think of his going to be one's *brother*! It is too ridiculous!"

It is the evening before the wedding; the lit rooms are gayly alive with many guests; not only those staying in the house, but also dinner-guests. Many more are expected; some of them already uncloaking outside, for Sylvia has decreed a dance.

"We must have a *band*," she has said, meditatively, when making the arrangements. "There is no use doing a thing unless you do it well. Yes, a band; they can go so nicely in the recess under the stairs."

"It is dreary work pounding over a carpet, to the tune of a piano, supported only by lemonade and negus," *Jemima* says.

"When people come on a *first visit*," says Sylvia, sapiently, "they always come to criticize. Did you notice how they all looked me over, from top to toe, when they came in today—prizing me, as it were? Well, I wish to be beyond criticism."

"Don't have a band!" cries Lenore, hastily; "if you do, I shall go to bed—that is all. I warn you. Those dreadful fiddles, squeaking and shrieking, go right through my head. Have a piano, and I will promise to play for you from now till the Judgment-Day."

So a piano it is. The dancing has not yet begun, but we all stand about in an unsettled way, that shows that *something* is imminent. Detachments of people are being taken to be shown the wedding presents. The hot-red roses have to-night left Lenore's cheeks; she is very white—*deadly* white, one would say; only that it is a dishonor to the warm, milk whiteness of *living* loveliness, to liken it to the hue that is our foe's ensign. She is pale, but her eyes outblaze the star that quivers and lightens in Mrs. Scrope's gray head.

"I am so glad you are not a *Mourning Bride*," says Scrope's eldest sister, Mrs. Lascelles, a frisky young matron, pretty as hair like floss silk, Paris clothes falling off her soft, fat shoulders, and English jewels, can make her, looking with a sort of inquisitive admiration at the restless pale beauty of her future sister-in-law's face. "Not that I can say any thing" (laughing lightly); "I cried for three whole days before my wedding. Mamma said that my eyes looked as if they had been sewn in with red worsted.—Did not you, mamma?"

Mrs. Scrope smiles the placid smile of prosperous, stall-fed maturity.

"I did more than that," continues the other, still laughing; "I cried for a fortnight afterward! We went to *Brittany*" (making a disgusted face), "and Regy was ill all the way from Southampton to St. Malo. I tried to look as if he did not belong to me. I am sure even the waiters at the hotels were sorry for me—I looked so *dejected*!"

At the mention of Brittany Lenore winces, and then begins to talk quickly and laughingly:

"Must one cry? I hope not. If it is indispensable, I will try; but I am afraid I shall not succeed. I am not a good hand at crying. I never cry."

They are to dance in the hall; the oak floor has been polished and doctored to the last pitch of slipperiness; the stags' heads have mistletoe wreaths. Plenty of light, plenty of warmth, plenty of space, plenty of men—what more can any rabid dancer-lover desire? To the general surprise, Lenore sits down to the piano; everybody remonstrates.

"Usurping my place!" says Jemima, cheerfully, putting her hands on her sister's shoulders. "Off with you!"

"On the contrary," returns Lenore, with a perverse smile, "I mean to adorn this stool till two o'clock to-morrow morning. Go away—dance—caper about, if it amuses you. As for me, I hate it. *Va-t'en!*"

"Come on!" cries Scrope, half in and half out of his gray gloves, and looking radiantly happy and handsome. "What do you mean by settling yourself there? Jemima is going to play; she always does; she likes it—Don't you, Jemima?"

Jemima smiles grimly. All very well to be conscious that your life-mission is to pipe for other people to dance, but a little hard to be expected to express enjoyment of the role!

"I am not going to 'Come on!'" answers Lenore, pettishly. "I mean to stay here. Go away!"

"Go away!" cries the young fellow, leaning his arms on the piano, and looking desperately sentimental. "A very likely story!"

"For Heaven's sake, put your head straight!" she says, crossly. "When you cock it on one side like that, you look like a bullfinch about to pipe. I hate dancing—there!"

"Since when?" he asks, incredulously. "Not long ago you told me that you loved it better than any thing else in life."

"Not so very long ago, when I was cutting my teeth, I loved sucking an India-rubber ring better than any thing else in life. Do you insist on my sucking it still?" she says, dryly, turning over a heap of music. "Don't be a nuisance. Go away!"

He goes. In five minutes, all, not incapacitated by age and fat, and some even that lie under these disabilities, are scampering round. As there are plenty of men, several of the *chaperones* condescend to tread a measure. Lenore plays on dreamily; it is an air that the band played at Dinan one night last summer; as the brisk, gay melody fills her ears, the room, the people, the wax-lights vanish; she is in the Place Duguesclin again. How dark it is! The lights from the hotel show small and red; the *sabots* clump past. How close to our faces the green-lime flowers swing!

She is roused by an eager voice at her ear.

"One turn—only one! I have danced

with every thing that has any pretensions to age, weight, or ugliness. Pay me for it—only one turn!"

Scrope stands by her, panting a little. His broad chest heaves, and his wide blue eyes glitter with a passionate excitement. She shrugs her shoulders, but, as though it were too much trouble to argue the point, complies. Jemima takes her place, and they set off. After flying silently round for a few minutes, they stop. Scrope, even in stopping, unwilling to release her from his arms, gazes into her face with a passionate rapture, to see whether the delight he feels is at all shared.

"I hate it!" she says, irritably. "It tears my dress; it loosens my hair; it takes away my breath. Let us go to some cool place."

They saunter away to the conservatory. The Chinese lanterns swing aloft, their flames spiring up in dangerous proximity to the pink-and-green walls of their frail prisons. The daphnes and narcissi and lilies of the valley are uniting their various odors in one divinest harmony of scent, like a concert of noblest voices. Lenore throws herself wearily into a garden-chair, and begins to fan herself.

"Let me fan you," says her lover, tenderly, taking the fan out of her hand and leaning over her; "it will save you trouble. My darling, you look pale to-night."

"My darling, you look red to-night!" retorts she, with a mockery more bitter than playful, glancing up at the flushed beauty of his face. "For Heaven's sake, don't let us register the variations in each other's complexions!"

An arrow shoots through the young man's bounding heart. Is she going to change her mind? Now that the prize is almost within his hand, must he lose it at this last moment?

"Have I done any thing to vex you?" he asks, anxiously, kneeling down on the stone pavement at her feet. "You know how idiotically fond I am of you; for Heaven's sake, do not take advantage of it to play tricks with me! What is the matter with you to-night? You are out of spirits."

"What do you mean?" she cries, angrily. "I never was in better spirits in my life. Everybody remarks it; everybody says how lively I am. I talk all day, and I laugh more than I ever did in my life before. Would you have one always grinning like a Cheshire cat?"

"You talk and laugh, it is true," he answers, with a grave air of anxiety; "but you are much thinner than you were. Look at this arm" (touching the round white limb, as it lies listlessly across her lap); "it is not half the size it was three weeks ago."

"So much the better," she answers, with a laugh; "my arms were much too big before. Sylvia was always abusing them; it is much more refined to have smaller arms."

"You will be all right when we get to Italy," he says, fondly; "you will like that, will not you? Oh! sweet!" (leaning over her, with a passion of irrepressible exultation); "can I believe that I am waking when I think that long before this time to-morrow you will be my wife!—that at last—at last—we shall belong to one another, for always!"

She shivers a little.

"To-day is to-day, and to-morrow is to-morrow," she says, sententiously; "to-day, let us talk of to-day; we may both be dead by to-morrow."

"Both!" (smiling a little); "that is hardly likely."

"One of us, then; only the other day I read in the *Times* of a bride who was found dead in her bed on her wedding-morning. O my God!" (flinging out her arms, and then throwing her head down on her knees), "if I had but the very slightest chance of going to heaven, how I wish I could be found dead in my bed!"

"What are you talking about?" cries Scrope, shocked and astonished at this unlooked-for outburst. "Lenore! look me in the face and say you did not mean it. I know you have a random way of talking, sometimes—Jemima says so; but, do you know, when you say such things you break my heart?"

"Do I?" she says, lifting her wild white face, unsoftened by any tears. "I am glad. Why should not I break it? I have broken my own—you know that well enough—why should not you suffer too? As for me, I suffer—I suffer always—all day and all night. I am glad to hear of any one else being miserable too. What have I done, that I should have a monopoly of it?" He stares at her, in a stony silence. "There," she says, after a pause, with a sickly smile, pushing her hair off her forehead, "I am all right now! I was only—only—joking! Pay no attention to any thing I said; I was only ranting. I think I have been overdoing myself a little the last few days. Suppose you go? I shall get well quicker if I am by myself."

So he goes, slowly and heavily. She has taken all the lightness out of his feet and out of his heart; it feels like a pound of lead. He makes his way up to the piano.

"Jemima," he says, in a low voice, "my sister will play for you; I want you to go to Lenore; she is not very well, I think—rather hysterical; she is in the conservatory, she would not let me stay with her."

So Jemima goes.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

"What next?" think I, hurrying off, as bidden. "What new freak? Well, if I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth I would not have spent my life in bewailing and lamenting that it was not a pewter one." In the conservatory no Lenore! Only two time-worn flirts of either sex, shooting their blunt little old arrows at each other's tough hearts, under a red camellia. I do not know why I do it, but I pass along, through the flowers, to a door at the other end that gives upon the outer air, and opening it, look forth. It is snowing rather fast; great, shapeless flakes floating down with disorderly slowness, but it is not very dark. My knowledge of my sister has not been at fault, for, through the snow, I see her, at a little distance from me,



walking quickly up and down a terrace-walk, with her head bent and her hands clasped before her. "How good for a person with a weak chest!" I cry, indignantly, skipping gingerly out on the toes of my white satin boots, and flinging the tail of my gown adroitly over my head. "Any one more unfit for death or more resolute to die than you, I have seldom had the pleasure of meeting."

I put my arm within hers and drag her along, back into the lighted warmth of the conservatory. A great tier of orange-trees and chrysanthemums hides us from the veteran lovers. I look at her: the snow-flakes rest thickly on her hair, on her flimsy dress; run in melted drops off her chilled white shoulders.

"It does not wet one much," she says, with a rather deprecating smile. "See, one can blow them away. How white they are! They will make the snowdrops that the school-children are to strew before me to-morrow look quite dirty, will not they?"

"Lunatic!" cry I, highly exasperated, shaking her; "fool! If I may be permitted to ask, what is the reason of this?"

"I was hot," she says, a little wildly, "stified! Those flowers stifle me. Odious jonquils! Did ever any flowers smell so heavily? They are like the ones in that dreadful bouquet Charlie brought me for the ball."

I am shaking and flicking, with my best lace pocket-handkerchief, the snow from off her dress, so make no answer.

"You know, from a child, I was fond of running out, bareheaded, into a shower; I liked to feel the great cool drops patter, patter on my hair. I wish to God I could feel them now! Put your hand on my head" (lifting my cold, red hand, and placing it on the top of her own sleek head).

"My good child," say I, startled, "you are in a fever!"

"Jemima," she says, taking down my hand again, and holding it hard pressed between her two hot white ones, while her glittering eyes burn on my face, "I am quite happy, as you know, perfectly. No one has more cause to be so. I am quite young; I am better looking than most people; to-morrow I shall be rich, very rich; which, after all, includes all the others; but, do you know, sometimes, within the last few days, I have thought—it is a ridiculous idea, of course, but sometimes I have thought I was going mad! How do people begin to go mad? Tell me."

Her voice has sunk to an awed whisper.

"Fiddlestick!" cry I, contemptuously. "Do not be alarmed, only clever people go mad; no fear for you."

"If any one comes suddenly into a room, if any one bangs a door or speaks in a key at all louder than usual, I feel as if I must shriek out loud. I told you so the other day, if you remember, talking of the children. Sometimes I am afraid of lifting my eyes to your or any one else's face, for fear you should think they looked mad."

"Nonsense!" interrupt I again, now thoroughly angry. "It is all nerves. Nerves are troublesome things, if you are not moderately careful of them, and you never give yours a

chance; you never sit still, you never rest, and it is my belief that you never sleep."

"Not if I can help it," she says, feverishly; "not if I can help it. Sometimes, when I feel myself falling asleep, I get out of bed, and walk about in the cold to wake myself thoroughly. I hate sleep; it is my enemy! As sure as ever I fall asleep, I am back in Brittany with him; we are as—as we used to be."

"If I were you," say I, with that sober eye to the main chance with which one regards life after five-and-twenty, "I should be glad to wake from such a dream to find how much more prosperous the reality is."

"So I am, so I am!" she answers, hastily, contradicting herself. "Of course, it is prosperous, is it not? Everybody says so. You—you are not joking, are you, Jemima, when you say I am so prosperous?" (her eyes resting distrustfully on my face). "I am really, am I not? But sometimes I think, when I look at you, that you are pitying me. Heaven knows why, for nobody needs it less. If you are, do not—that is all! I hate being pitied; pity yourself instead."

"Dreams or no dreams," say I, trying to lead her from a theme which is making her painfully excited, "you must sleep to-night, if we give you laudanum enough to make seven new sleepers. If you do not, mark my words, to-morrow you will look as yellow as the little orange in your wreath." No answer, only a vacant plucking at her dress.

"Dead-white in the morning," say I, with a judicious adhesion to the subject of millinery, "is almost always fatally trying to the best complexions, particularly when in juxtaposition with snow." No answer. "Only this morning you told me that you were determined to look your very handsomest."

"So I am," she says, rousing herself, and speaking with quick interest; "so I am! You say right—I must look my best—I shall; one always does when one wishes; my veil will be down, too—they will not see me very clearly, you know; but, however I look, you must be sure to have it put in the papers that I looked beautiful and—and—radiantly happy. They say that sort of things now and then, do not they?"

"As to the being happy, never that I saw," reply I, snappishly. "A bride's happiness is taken for granted."

"I do not know whether I ever mentioned it to you before," she says, with a hesitating, strained smile, "but I should like the announcement put into a good many papers besides the *Times*—the *Morning Post*, *Standard*; but it must be in the *Times*, too, of course. People always read the births, deaths, and marriages in the *Times*, don't they?"

She asks this last question with a keen anxiety, that would have puzzled any looker-on to account for.

"Women do," reply I, brusquely. "I do not think that men ever look at them."

"What nonsense you talk!" she cries, rudely. "Of course, they do. They always glance over them, at the least, to see whether there is any name they know. I have seen them, a hundred times. I have seen Charlie—"

"What about Charlie?" cries the young

man, appearing round the screen of flowers simultaneously with his name. "He has not done any thing fresh, has he?" (trying to laugh, but yet speaking with a most anxious smile). "Jemima, how is she?—How are you now, my darling?" (taking her in his arms with as little heed to my presence as if I also were a prim dumb camellia).

"How am I?" retorts she, pushing him away with a gesture of distaste, and then, as if bethinking herself, accepting his embrace. "Why, how should I be? Much as I have been any time these nineteen years, with the exception of the solitary week when I had the croup. Reassure yourself—I have not the croup now, and I never have any other diseases."

He looks at her silently, with a pale, passionate wistfulness.

"You mean to be kind," she says, in a constrained voice, with a sort of remorse, "and you really are a very good fellow. I do think so always, though I show it rather oddly now and then, perhaps; but you must know that I have an inveterate aversion to being asked how I am. It is not confined to me. Many people have the same feeling. I really" (with a forced smile) "must draw up a list of prohibitions for you. 'You must not do this,' and 'You must not do that,' before we set off on our travels, or we shall inevitably come to blows before a week is over."

"Do!" cries the young man, eagerly, as one catching at a straw. "I do seem to be always blundering, don't I? and saying the wrong thing? One would think I did it on purpose; but, as I live, I do not. I shall get better, however," he continues, hastily, as if afraid of her taking advantage of his confession; "every day I shall get better. Being with you always, I shall grow to understand your character better.—Dunce as I am, I cannot help doing that, can I, Jemima?"

"I really do not know," reply I, turning away with a dry smile; "there are some very sharp corners and unexpected turns in it, I can assure you."

"Jemima is right," says Lenore, gravely, gently unwinding his arms from about her. "You have got a very indifferent bargain, pleased as you are with it. To let you into a secret, you have overreached yourself. You will get a bad character of me from all the people I have spent my life with; I have the distinction of having everybody's ill word."

"I dare say" (defiantly, while his eyes recklessly, boundlessly fond, grow to her calm, chill face).

"It is not too late yet," she says, in a low voice that has yet nothing of the whisper in it; "it is one o'clock; I hear it striking. You have yet ten hours' grace."

"Ten hours!" cries the young fellow, mildly, throwing his arms again about her, and straining her, whether she will or no, to his riotous heart. "Lenore! Lenore! the nearer the time grows the farther you seem to get away from me. Are you going to slip away from me altogether at the last moment, as you did out of my arms just now? But no!—why do I put such ideas into your head? It is too late. You could not throw me over now, if you wished. Reckless as you

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are of all conventionality, even you dare not do that."

"What are you talking about?" she asks, petulantly, with a nervous laugh. "Why should I wish to throw you over? If I did, what could I do with all my fine clothes, and my otter-skin jacket? Do you think I could have strength of mind to send the Websters' teapot travelling back a second time?"

He continues looking at her, and holding her, but says nothing.

"I like you," she says, looking round at me with a sort of nervous defiance. "I do not care who says I do not. I am proud of you—I—I—I love you. Do not I, Jemima? Have not I often told you that I do?"

"You have told me a great many things in your time," I say, oracularly, "some that were true and some that were not. I will tell you one thing in return, and that is, that if you do not go to bed now, this minute, to-morrow you will be yellower than any orange."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A DAY AT RUGBY.

NO one can have read the "Life of Dr. Arnold," or "Tom Brown's School-days"—no one, at least, whose memory holds in affectionate remembrance his own school-days, no one who has any sympathy with boyhood, with the sports and the trials and the pleasures of youth—no such person can have read these books without a longing to have a peep at the old school at Rugby.

So, availing myself of pleasant companionship and the opportunity of having a good introduction, I took the train, one pleasant October morning, from Leamington to Rugby, arriving after a pleasant hour's ride through the beautiful region that lay between, that gave us glimpses—fleeting, to be sure—of pretty hamlets half hidden in the trees, of green fields cropped by flocks of sheep, of broad parks studded with noble oaks and elms, big enough almost to shade their whole extent, varied with an occasional dissolving view of a railway-station, as we whirled through it with a rush and a scream, at last bringing up at the end of our ride in the station which some years ago became famous to the world from having its shortcomings disclosed in Dickens's story of "Mugby Junction."

We walked off at a good pace through the narrow, paved streets of the little town, which were quiet enough, spying here and there a book-store or some such indication of a town whose main interest is connected with education, and stopping to look at the photographs of the buildings and the masters of the school or at the last number of the newspaper conducted by the boys, hung in the shop-windows, or (it was just out) in the hands of some boy, the centre of a group, listening eagerly to the account given of some important match, read aloud from its columns by the holder. At last, at the head of the street, we saw the school-gates, with the oriel window above; and, like Tom Brown, we "saw the boys standing there, looking as if the town belonged to them," but who, nevertheless, po-

litle informed us how to find our way to the residence of the master, who received us in the most cordial manner.

Under his guidance we passed through the great gates into the quadrangle, into the school-house hall, famous in "Tom Brown," with the tablets in its walls bearing the names of those who had won the highest honors of Rugby. "There are no very great names there," said our guide, modestly, for his own name was among them; but we saw enough names of those who have done honor to their *alma mater* in the world of letters, on the battle-field, and in the council-halls of the nation. There were enough names for old Rugby to be proud of. Then we passed into the school-rooms—plain, homely apartments, as all school-rooms are—and looked into one of the little studies—perhaps it was Harry East's own room—into which Tom Brown was introduced on his arrival. The description answers well to what we saw: "It wasn't very large, certainly, being about six feet long by four broad. It couldn't be called light, as there were bars and a grating to the window, which little precautions were necessary in the studies on the ground-floor, looking out into the close, to prevent the exit of small boys after locking-up, and the entrance of contraband articles. But it was uncommonly comfortable to look at, Tom thought. The space under the window at the farther end was occupied by a square table, covered with a reasonably clean and whole red-and-blue-check table-cloth; a hard-seated sofa, covered with red stuff, occupied one side, running up to the end, and making a seat for one, or, by sitting close, for two, at the table; and a good, stout wooden chair afforded a seat to another boy, so that three could sit and work together. The walls were wainscoted half-way up, the wainscot being covered with green baize, the remainder with a bright-patterned paper, on which hung three or four prints of dogs' heads; Grimaldi winning the Aylesbury steeple-chase; Amy Robsart, the reigning Waverley beauty of the day; and Tom Crib, in a posture of defence which did no credit to the science of that hero, if truly represented. Over the door was a row of hat-pegs, and on each side book-cases with cupboards at the bottom; shelves and cupboards being filled indiscriminately with school-books, a cup or two, a mouse-trap and brass candlesticks, leather straps, a fustian bag, and some curious-looking articles, which puzzled Tom not a little, until his friend explained that they were climbing-irons, and showed their use. A cricket-bat and small fishing-rod stood up in one corner."

Then we peeped into the kitchen and chemical lecture-rooms, with their usual apparatus of pots and kettles, glass tubes and retorts; and so through other rooms of one sort or another, out into the "close."

As on the day when Tom came to Rugby, so when we were there, there was a foot-ball match of some moment in progress, and the play-ground was all alive with white-trousered boys of all sizes and ages, up to well-grown youths of nineteen, valorously contending for victory. The hall was in the centre of a struggling crowd, all shoulder to shoulder,

and working away manfully. Tom Brown's boys seemed to be all there, "Old Brooke," "Crab Jones," and all, they or their heirs—the latter, most likely, for it is many a day since Tom was there, and his generation has passed away, as have those with whom I kicked foot-ball on the Delta at Cambridge. Some of *those* boys have since then worn the silver stars on their shoulders in hard-fought battles; some sit on benches in courts, dispensing justice; one of them has been for years the head of the university, and others have shed their light, each in his way. Boys turn out much the same on both sides of the Atlantic, and, while our Cambridge boys have been climbing in this manner, Tom Brown has got into Parliament.

We did not wait to see the end of the game, but walked on through the old trees to the Fives Court at the farther end. This game is unknown in America; so we watched it for a while, as the players, in a great building with solid walls, knocked a hard wooden ball about from side to side. On the farther side of the ground were some new Fives Courts, built in imitation of the place at Oxford, where it is played against a certain buttress, which is here reproduced in facsimiles, so that the noble game can be played in precisely the same manner at Rugby as at Oxford. And so, round the great play-ground, we came back to the school-buildings again, and went into the chapel.

The chapel was empty, for the boys were all at play; but we saw the "oak pulpit, standing out by itself above the school-seats," and could almost in imagination see there the tall, gallant form and kindling eye—could almost hear the echoes of "the voice, now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of a light-infantry bugle—of him who stood there, Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness and love and glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke." But we heard these echoes and saw this form only in imagination, for the chapel was deserted, the arches echoed only our own footsteps and voices, and pulpit and seats were alike vacant. We looked round upon the painted memorial windows, and upon the marble monuments of the chapel, and paused reverently before the altar, beneath which lies the body of the beloved Arnold.

Going out, we saw on the way the plain desk and chair in which he had sat, which is treasured as a priceless relic of the great and good man who made Rugby so dear in the memories of hundreds and thousands of English boys.

Then, after a pleasant chat with our host and other Rugby masters—so like the talks we often hear in our own Cambridge—of college events and topics, our host guided us on our way to the station, where we took leave of him, little thinking that we should so soon learn of his death, cut off in the midst of his useful and honorable career by disease occasioned by too severe devotion to the duties of his calling. We cannot soon forget his cordial greeting or the kindly attentions which made to us so memorable that day at Rugby.

HENRY WARE

## TABLE-TALK.

EDWARD ADOLPHUS, Duke of Somerset, whose little work on "Christian Theology and Modern Skepticism" has made a sensation in England, and is circulating rapidly in this country since its republication by the Appletons, is the head of the oldest but one of the English ducal houses. He is descended from an illustrious Norman family whose name, St. Maur, was corrupted by the English into Seymour, as early as the thirteenth century, since which epoch the Seymours have generally played an important part in English history. The greatest of the name was the first duke, the famous Lord Protector Somerset of the reign of Edward VI., whose uncle he was. The present is the twelfth duke, and was born in 1804, and is consequently now sixty-eight years of age. He was educated at Oxford, was many years in the House of Commons, and as First Lord of the Admiralty was a member of the cabinet from 1859 to 1866. He has besides held many important offices, and it is not merely as the work of a great nobleman, the head of a great historic family, that his remarkable book has attracted so much attention in England. The author's mature age, his proved ability as a public man, and his reputation for wit and sense, have also greatly conducted to give it currency. Its chief value, however, is, that it says boldly and clearly what a great many men are privately thinking, but have hitherto refrained from saying openly, because they hardly dared to. To use a homely Yankee phrase, the duke has "spoken right out in meeting." He declares that the educated, the cultivated classes of the community no longer believe the established doctrines of the Church; that philosophy and science stand aloof from religion in unfriendly attitudes, while literature gives currency to a thousand speculative opinions unfavorable to the old beliefs. The whole system of modern education tends toward the same result. Theological and secular instruction run in two opposite currents of thought. "Hence skepticism has been naturalized in modern society, and will not be repressed by denunciations against infidelity, or by the lamentations of sentimental piety." The duke devotes the greater part of his book to an exhibition of what he deems the inaccuracies and inconsistencies of the Gospels, and of the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles of Paul. The stories of evil spirits and their miraculous casting out of the bodies of those whom they were supposed to possess, are declared to be superstitious fables. The star which is said to have guided the wise men of the East to the cradle of the infant Jesus is explained as a mere figure of speech. The supernatural conception of the Saviour is rejected as impossible. Miracles in general are set aside as incredible, and their worthlessness as a basis of faith is urged on the ground,

among others, that they failed to secure credence for those who wrought them, and among those who witnessed them. The contradictions between the assertions concerning the apostle Paul contained in the Acts of the Apostles, and those made by Paul himself in his epistles, are discussed at length, and the general conclusion is drawn that the historical portions of the New Testament are nothing more than imperfectly-remembered traditions, and that the claim for them of verbal inspiration cannot be maintained. It is but justice to the noble writer to say that his language is always courteous and decorous, and that he fully recognizes the immortality of the soul and the existence of a personal God, and also admits the merits of Christianity while criticising the Christian documents. The teachings of Jesus Christ and His apostles, he concedes, changed the whole fabric of society, supplying a new basis for civilization, a new framework for human thought, and a new motive for human action. During the darkest period of European history the Church, he says, was the preserver of civilization, holding men together when all other bonds were loosened. Had the Christian religion never been bestowed upon mankind, it is impossible to conceive how greatly the condition of nations would differ from what it is. Myths have been woven around its origin, but some divine and indefeasible truths must be contained within its doctrines. These could not have lived through so many centuries and spread through such various forms of civilization if they had not their undying roots in the heart of man. While we by no means accept the duke's reasonings as satisfactory, we cannot deny that he states fairly and in an inoffensive manner the conclusions which prevail among the social class to which he belongs. At the same time we are struck with his singular ignorance of the mental and spiritual condition of other classes. He seems to imagine that, because the aristocracy of England is skeptical, there is no belief anywhere worth noticing. He gives, for example, a vivid picture of the old belief in the existence of evil spirits, and, after citing Barrows's declaration that their influence could not reasonably be doubted because it had been vouched for by historians, lawgivers, and a vast number of witnesses, the duke says: "Yet now the worthy historians, the wise lawgivers, the vast concourse of witnesses, are all equally unavailing; the spell is broken, the evil spirits have vanished, and these phantoms of discredited tradition will not again revisit a more experienced and incredulous world." It is evident from this dogmatic passage that the noble writer is wholly unaware that he is surrounded even in his own country by millions of people who believe as firmly in the existence of spirits as they do in their own existence, and are constantly witnessing, or at least believe they are witnessing, an amount of spiritistic interference in human affairs as great as was ever

witnessed or imagined in any former age. We think he is mistaken, also, in assuming that skepticism is greater in the present than in any former age. In the last century unbelief in Christianity was almost universal among the upper classes in Europe, and the Christian religion was attacked with violence by the most eminent authors of France and England. To-day, on the contrary, the strength of the religious feeling that prevails is shown by the fact, that open opposition to Christianity scarcely shows itself, except in the most obscure quarters.

— Mr. Forster's "Life of Dickens" has led to a good deal of controversy in England as to the character of the great novelist. The London *Times* acknowledges his transcendent genius as an author, but declares that, as a man, he was "uneasy in society, lacking, in a word, the manners of a gentleman." The critic continues: "That he was often vulgar in manners and dress, and often overbearing; that he was ill at ease in his intercourse with gentlemen; that he preferred being a king in very low company; that even in his early days he lived rather in a clique than in society; that he was something of a Bohemian in his best moments—all these are truths affecting the private character of the man and his social position, but of little worth when weighed against the transcendent merit of his works." To this a writer who claims to have known Dickens well demurs in the most positive manner. He says: "I have seen him in the society of his colleagues, in the society of men of rank, who were also men of something more than rank; I have seen him in the committee-room and in the chair at public gatherings, and never did the idea occur to me that he was lacking 'the manners of a gentleman.' There was a touch of what is ordinarily called 'theatrical' in his voice, and sometimes in his mode of greeting you; but it was nothing disagreeable, and certainly nothing at which a 'gentleman' could be offended. The fashionables who like to patronize men of genius tried to get hold of Dickens and to patronize him, but he turned them the cold shoulder. He had absolute contempt for the average talk and the pursuits of many West-End circles which the *Times* writer probably cultivates; but a line more directly false was never written in a newspaper than that which says that 'he preferred being a king in very low company' to intercourse with gentlemen. Whom can the writer mean? The intimate associates of Charles Dickens were not very numerous. Here are some of them—Macready, Talford, Stanfield, Fonblanque, Wilkie, Edwin Landseer, Leigh Hunt, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Macleise, Lord Lytton, Lord Houghton, Thackeray, Earl Russell, Mr. John Forster—to say nothing of the choice spirits in America whom he cherished in the closing years of his life. The statement of the *Times* is monstrously untrue. Nor was he in any sense of the word a 'Bohemian.' He was

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singularly otherwise. He neither drank nor omitted to pay his debts; he was an excellent father; he was never out-at-elbows." The same writer, however, admits that Dickens had great faults. He had an imperiousness of temper which betrayed him occasionally into acts of injustice. He was also somewhat vindictive. This was strongly shown in his quarrel with his wife, and in his consequent quarrels with his old friends Bradbury & Evans. In an unhappy moment, Mr. Dickens resolved to separate from the mother of his children, and, the decision once taken, in a sort of exultation, he insisted upon telling the world all about it. He published an announcement respecting it in *Household Words*, and then called upon the leading papers of the day to transfer the same to their columns. The conductors of *Punch* and the proprietors (Bradbury & Evans) did not see that it was within their province to do so. Dickens thereupon was furious. He put them into "Coventry," and insisted, as a punishment, upon stopping the *Household Words*, in which Bradbury & Evans had a share. He not only persisted in having it brought to sale, though it was worth nothing away from him, but he also started another periodical of a precisely similar character—*All the Year Round*. So far as people who ought to know the circumstances are aware, Mr. Dickens had no other grievance to complain of, and, if this be so, the accusation against him of an overbearing temper must be allowed to stand.

— There is really a prospect, it seems, that the indomitable P. S. Gilmore will be able to organize a World's Peace Jubilee, to be given next summer in Boston, which will be Broddingnagian compared to that of three summers ago. The result of a tour in Europe, to procure the coöperation of the potentates, political and musical, of that continent, is such as to enable Boston to indulge in high anticipation that music more tremendous even than that produced by the thousand musicians, the two hundred fiddles, and twenty-five bass-drums, with accompaniments of artillery and church-bells, in the old Coliseum, will swell from the new over the "Back Bay" and across the historic Common. The proposed Coliseum is to be of corrugated iron, and so not removable by the fiercest gales; it is to cover eight acres, and is to cost one hundred thousand dollars. As to the foreign potentates, they seem one and all to have smiled on our musical (and successful) Quixote. Kaiser Wilhelm was quite willing to part for a season with his Royal Music Corps; Kaiser Franz Joseph thought he might, for such a purpose, be willing to give a leave of absence to Strauss; Herr von Moltke "was delighted, and heartily indorsed the scheme;" little Belgium promised her big Guides Band; and the stately forms of the Horse Guards Band, in all the glory of scarlet coats and brass helmets, may be expected to

grace the scene. The musical magnates were not less complacent; Sir Julius Benedict, Arthur Sullivan, and Johann Strauss, among others, look with amiable eyes upon the project, and may be present to assist in its success. It will be a treat, indeed, if, as is proposed, Strauss is prevailed on "to conduct an orchestra of a thousand pieces in one of his waltzes." The Inman company grant free passages to the European bands, and the other lines are hardly less liberal. There are to be two choruses of twenty thousand each, and as yet it is impossible to estimate the sum total of fiddles, cornets, and bass-drums. The subscriptions have poured in in gratifying numbers and substantial amounts, some railway companies and private individuals putting down ten thousand dollars, and five thousand dollars being a moderate and commonplace subscription. The Coliseum\* will be erected on the open land near the "Back Bay," not far from the site of its blown-away predecessor. A Boston publishing-house already announces "Boston Illustrated: a Pictorial and Artistic Guide to Boston and its Surroundings," in view of the great popular wave which, it is expected, will inundate the modern Athens in the course of the ensuing June; the hotel-keepers are anxiously expectant, and are looking about them to secure more ample accommodations than their present quarters provide, and the almost certain consummation of the project is already being felt in the channels of the wholesale and retail trade. There may be a question whether this exaggeration of the harmonies, this subjecting of quality to quantity, is promotive of the musical art and the musical culture of the community, but there will be plenty of noise and plenty of fun, the monotony of our prosy existence will be broken in upon somewhat, and so, perhaps, the Jubilee will have its uses.

— The Russian Empire is rather Oriental than Western in its habits and tendencies, and Russian ambition looks rather eastward than westward for its territorial expansion and development. The communication between Russia and the heart of China is a remarkable fact, which has only recently become generally known; it is an intercourse wholly commercial in its nature, carried on by means of long trains of dromedaries, and sustained with a spirit of enterprise of which neither Russian nor Chinese has been suspected. Thus are to be found in the Russian market the purest teas and the finest Chinese fabrics in Europe. But Russian operations eastward have not been confined to this commercial intercourse with the almond-eyed Celestials. It is not long since a little paragraph in the papers stated that the czar had quietly "annexed" an Asiatic territory which contains two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; and it is no longer a secret that the Russian forces are gradually penetrating southeastward toward Afghanistan, and are, though as

yet remotely, threatening India. Herein lies the core of the English hatred and suspicion of Russia. England fears, not for herself, but that she may some day lose that vast Indian empire which she toiled so long and spent so much to acquire, and which it has cost her so much to keep, and which, moreover, has yielded her back almost fabulous treasures and enormous power. A new Russian project just now intensifies this apprehension of England that that country covets India, and means, in time, to have it. A company has been formed to build a railway from the banks of the Volga direct to India, with a terminus, probably, at Calcutta itself. Inasmuch as the Russians have in recent years taken to railroad-building almost solely for the purpose of reaping military advantages therefrom, the English mind cogitates uneasily about this proposed line, and has an uncomfortable suspicion as to what ultimate uses it will serve. Not a few English statesmen think that, when it comes to the pinch, it will be impossible to hold India; it is doubtful whether the British tax-payer would sanction a great war to retain it; and the tax-payer is sovereign. By the concession which England was forced to make at the London Conference of 1871, Russia gained and England yielded all that was fought for in the Crimean War—the right of Russia to navigate the Euxine with her warships; and this is her entering wedge southward toward Constantinople, and indirectly toward an Indian conquest. England has managed to exhaust all the alliances and friendships on the Continent which Pitt tried so hard to establish; and alone, in the East, she would be no match for the Muscovites with their Tartar auxiliaries, especially as she would find internal enemies among the native Indian princes, whose rank and power she has usurped, and whom she has made her pensioned vassals. England's military power is on the wane, that of Russia on the increase, and at no distant day it is quite probable that Hindostan may become a Russian province.

— The fish commissioners of the State of New York, with the best intentions, doubtless, but with very questionable judgment, have stocked the Adirondack lakes with black-bass, a fierce and voracious fish, the effect of whose introduction is likely to be the speedy extermination of the trout family, which is incomparably of more value to the sportsman and the epicure than all the bass in the world. These cold northern lakes, lying on a high plateau nearly two thousand feet above the sea, are the natural homes of the beautiful speckled trout and the large and savory salmon-trout, and have for years past afforded great and innocent enjoyment to thousands of anglers. But the predatory bass, with their destructive propensities, will make short work of the trout, of whom they are natural enemies. The mischief, however, has been done, and no human power can now undo it.

— The fact that the ringleaders in a recent mutiny in British India have been punished by being blown from the mouths of cannon is commented on by some of our newspapers as a proof of British barbarity, and the English magistrates and officers are strongly condemned for "introducing the bizarre and the horrible into their criminal administration in India." The truth is, that the practice of blowing mutineers from the mouths of cannon is not an English invention, nor a recent innovation, at all. The English found it in use in the native armies when they conquered the country, and the Hindoo does not regard it as more horrible or cruel than any other mode of execution. He considers it far less barbarous than hanging.

### Literary Notes.

M. RENAN, whose "Life of Jesus" has caused so much discussion, has published, in Paris, a political work under the title of "Reform, Intellectual and Moral," which the *Saturday Review* discusses as follows: "The reader who is not particularly familiar with the turns of M. Renan's mind may be somewhat surprised to learn that his ideal France is based upon a noble and a priest in every village, and that, whenever he becomes enthusiastic, it is always about something as remote as possible from the modern spirit. What enchants him most of all is the ceremony of coronation at Rheims, because in that ceremony the essences of royalty and Catholicism were so intimately blended. His references to it are quite fervid and glowing, whereas he never speaks of any thing purely modern, such as the industrial spirit, without coldness or disdain. All this is highly curious, and M. Renan's mind, to a student of human nature, is as interesting as any highly-cultivated intellect we know. We have no desire to imply what very opposite parties are saying of M. Renan just now in France—that he has written dishonestly with a view to prepare for himself an agreeable position under a coming monarchy; and, as for inducing the clergy to forgive the past, M. Renan must be well aware that nothing short of an unconditional submission, like that just tendered by Father Graty, could ever reconcile him with the papacy. M. Renan is probably quite as honest as is compatible with the craft of a very clever literary artist. We do not suspect him of uttering sentiments which he does not feel at the time that he is writing; but his disposition to write from sentiment at one time and from reason at another, and the very opposite directions into which these two forces are continually leading him, produce an appearance of hypocrisy. His ideal for France is strongly opposed to the industrial spirit, which he believes (and with reason) to be a cause of military decline, and the origin of a growing indisposition to incur the dangers and inconveniences of warfare. The objects of a trading community are, first, to make money to buy certain comforts and pleasures, and, then, to have peace to enjoy those comforts and pleasures without interruption. M. Renan, who has a dislike to Philistinism quite as strong as that professed by Mr. Matthew Arnold, though he does not call it by the same name, believes that the Philistine spirit has been immensely fostered by the remarkable commercial prosperity which developed itself

under the empire. He longs, as a Frenchman, to see his country take her old place as the first military power; he does not believe that she will ever be able to do this so long as she is given up to industrial ideas; and so, to get rid of industrial ideas, he is willing to establish a strong social hierarchy of king, and noble, and priest."

Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Switzers" is pronounced by the London press the best of his books. Notwithstanding a tediously ornate style, which the *Examiner* amuses itself by converting into blank verse, the volume is highly readable, and contains much that is valuable. The description of the Swiss village system is specially interesting. "Some thinkers of the highest class," he says, "contend that this Swiss village system is a great success. 'Observe my country,' says a voice, to which one cannot choose but listen: 'what is there to see? Free speech, free roads, free trade. You meet no soldiers in our streets. You are not troubled by police. We have no village parson and no country squire. Our towns are orderly, our hamlets clean. Our schools, our mills, our forests, are alive with people, every child and every man of whom is as a lord unto himself. This order of our people has the order of our communes for its natural source.'"

"Each commune is a small republic, with her free and equal members, her assemblies, ballots, and debates, her mayor and council, and her communal lists. A communal assembly is the whole body of members properly convened in either market, public-house, or open field, where they can make their by-laws, and elect a council and a mayor. These officers must be chosen from the list of citizens who have a right to vote. As women have no votes, they are not called upon to serve. In every village, lists are kept, and every member has his name inscribed. Inscription is his proof of citizenship. Each member has the same rights as every other member. No precedence is allowed. In Switzerland there may be families as old as any in the empires on her borders. Not a little of the proudest blood in Europe flows from castles on these alps. The Austrian kaisers come from Habsburg, in the canton Aargau; and the German kaisers draw their line from Neufchâtel. But the oldest families are like the newest; they must stand on living merit, not on long descent. No thought is given to birth. All families, a Switzer holds, are of an equal age and equal rank."

In a review of John Morley's "Voltaire," the *New-York Tribune* gives the following account of the author: "Mr. Morley, who is now the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is best known to the public by an admirable monograph on the genius of Edmund Burke, published about four years since, and by his elaborate contributions to the higher periodical literature of the day. Combining the advantages of the most thorough education which the English seats of learning can afford with a rare aptitude for study and research, he is even less conspicuous for scholarship than for the power of reflection and reasoning. His tone of thought is grave, almost, perhaps, to excess; his style is marked by dignity and force rather than brilliancy; he never affects the use of rhetorical arts, and trusts to the clearness and weight of his statements rather than to any kind of popular attractions. There is no sensational element in his writings, and he finds his audience among the thinking classes who are on the watch for new developments of ideas, and not among the readers who are in

pursuit of æsthetic emotion. Although inclined to the philosophy of Comte, especially as interpreted by Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Morley is neither a partisan nor a bigot. He is too earnestly intent upon the acquisition of truth to search for it in any exclusive direction. He calls no man master, but is supremely loyal to the authority of truth. Hence his productions are always of a decidedly individual cast, and often show a marked originality. Less ambitious of effect than of soundness of presentation, his work may not always be rated in proportion to its intrinsic excellence. But no careful student of his writings—and they both require and deserve careful study—can fail to be impressed with their sobriety of judgment, their affluence of suggestion, and their copious fund of genuine common-sense, which often, indeed, ripens into the utterance of profound wisdom."

"Wild Men and Wild Beasts; Scenes in Camp and Jungle," by Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon Cumming, originally published in Edinburgh, forms the second volume of Scribner's Illustrated Library of Travel and Adventure, edited by Bayard Taylor. The author is not to be confounded with his namesake, Captain Gordon Cumming, the famous hunter of South Africa, whose narrative was so popular twenty years ago, and still holds its place as the best of all hunting-books. The present writer is a British officer, long resident in India, and much devoted to the pursuit of tigers and other large game. His adventures in this pursuit were quite remarkable, but are not narrated with the animation of his namesake, the South-African Nimrod. The author, however, ranks high as a sportsman, and his book is far from being dull, though his skill with the pen is not equal to his skill with the rifle.

J. Appleton & Co. have in press the letters of James Brooks from Japan, China, Ceylon, and India, under the title of "Six Months' Run up and down and around the World." The volume will probably appear in March.

### Miscellany.

#### Sir Henry Holland's Recollections. HIS FONDNESS FOR RIVERS.

THIS fondness for streams, large or small, has clung to me ever since my youth, and often given express direction to my line of travel. The Danube I have followed, with scarcely an interruption, from its assumed sources at Donau-Eschingen to the Black Sea—the Rhine, now become so familiar to common travel, from its infant stream in the Alps to the "*bifidos tractus et juncta paludibus ora*," which Claudian, with singular local accuracy, describes as the end of Stilicho's river-journey. The St. Lawrence I have pursued uninterruptedly for nearly two thousand miles of its lake and river course. The waters of the Upper Mississippi I have recently navigated for some hundred miles below the falls of St. Anthony. The Ohio, Susquehanna, Potomac, and Connecticut Rivers I have followed far toward their sources; and the Ottawa, grand in its scenery of water-falls, lakes, forests, and mountain-gorges, for three hundred miles above Montreal. There has been pleasure to me also in touching upon some single point of a river, and watching the flow of waters which come from unknown springs, or find their issue in some remote ocean or sea. I have felt this on the Nile, at its time of highest inundation—in crossing the Volga, when scarcely wider than the Thames at Oxford—and still

more when near the sources of the streams that feed the Euphrates, south of Trebizond.

Of these several rivers the St. Lawrence is that most familiar to me, and that which has left strongest impressions on my memory. If not ministering, like the Nile, to history and imagination by the monuments of past ages, there is a grandeur of Nature in its origin and course which comes in compensation for this. The creation, it may be said, of great inland seas, it passes from one to another under various names, throws its vast volume over the precipices of Niagara; pauses awhile in the deep basin of Ontario, and issues thence with that blue transparency of water which gives such marvellous beauty to the Lake of a Thousand Isles. Rapids, magnificent in their impetuosity, again occur at intervals, even to the vicinity of Montreal. No traveller ought to leave America without having descended the St. Lawrence and its rapids from Kingston to Montreal, the latter among the fairest and most prosperous of American cities. Nor should any one neglect to see those grand heights of Quebec, underneath which the river flows in its nearer approach to the sea.

#### HIS LATER TRAVELS.

My ability to undertake these distant journeys has been sustained much beyond my own expectation, or the wonted warranty of life. Eight years ago (in 1861), when wearied by a twenty miles' sultry ride from the Sea of Marmora to Broussa, and obliged from fatigue to relinquish the ascent of the Asiatic Olympus which towers so grandly over that city, making it almost a rival to Damascus, I penned at the moment a note of farewell to these pleasures of distant travel. I called to mind that exactly forty-nine years before, after a day passed in the Vale of Tempe, I had slept at the foot of the Olympus of Thessaly—a calculation of time gone by, which, coming upon me at a moment of weariness, might well justify doubts as to the future, though I am not by nature prone to such misgivings. These doubts were, in fact, wholly premature in date. They partially disappeared under the charm of a moonlight ride in returning to the Sea of Marmora, and have been more completely annulled by later events. In the years elapsing since this excursion to Broussa, I have travelled through the northern provinces of Spain—visited the headquarters of the Federal army in Virginia in the heat of the civil war—again visited America in 1866 and 1869—been at Gibraltar and in Morocco, in Norway, Portugal, Madeira, and Dalmatia—accomplished in 1870 a voyage to Jamaica, and some other of the West-Indian Islands—and in the present year made that second visit to Iceland which I have already described; still comprising each of these excursions within, or nearly within, the wonted period of two months' vacation.

About my latest voyage to America I may say a few words, more especially because I must needs regard it as the last time of my visiting that continent. It is in truth matter of surprise to myself, and may well be so, that when on the verge of my eighty-second year, I should have been able, without hindrance or even fatigue, to reach the Northwestern States and upper waters of the Mississippi—travelling by land, lake, or river, more than three thousand five hundred miles during the five weeks I passed in the country. Much I must attribute to the fortunate circumstances under which I travelled. I had as a fellow-traveller during this long journey my excellent friend Mr. Everts, the late Attorney-General of the United States. He, while relieving me from all that was burdensome in travel, light-

ened every part of the road by those intellectual and other qualities which have already given him high eminence, and will, I trust, be invoked for still higher duties to his country. I would willingly also name here the many other American friends, whose warm hospitalities, now as heretofore, have taken away the toil of travel, and made America almost a home to me.

#### HIS VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

This visit to Mount Vernon deserves to be remembered, were it but for the extraordinary group there assembled: the President of the United States and all the members of his cabinet; the Prince of Wales and his suite; with numerous other guests, all standing bareheaded before the tomb of Washington, while a dirge was performed to the memory of the founder of a commonwealth which at this moment needs men of equal firmness and virtue to secure its future stability. Looking to the history of the last hundred years, as regards the relations of England and the United States, the picture of which I here give the outline cannot easily be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It happened to me to be present on two or three other occasions of similar kind, and, scarcely less singular, during H. R. Highness's visit to America.

#### HIS EXPERIENCE OF WAR.

At no period have I had any direct connection with the army; and I can even affirm (though far from pretending to boast of it) that I have never fired gun or pistol in my life, either as sportsman or in any other capacity. But it is singular how often my travels have brought me upon scenes of modern as well as ancient warfare. My recollections of the latter embrace, among the battle-fields of Greece only, Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylae, Plataea, Leuctra, Mantinea, Cheronia, Pharsalia, and Actium; all of which I have visited, and some of them diligently explored. Sparta, rendered memorable by the narrative of Thucydides, and the wonderful remains of the ancient Syracuse, each copiously illustrating in their localities the relation of the same great historian, I have also visited with his work before me. No places, indeed, so thoroughly expound, in their present natural features, events that happened nearly twenty-three centuries ago. Even the more apocryphal incidents of the Roman siege of Syracuse, with which the name of the greatest experimental philosopher of antiquity is associated, can be brought into curious conformity with the local aspects of the spot.

But to come from these earlier ages to our own century of war and bloodshed. I twice traversed parts of Portugal and Spain during the great Peninsular War—visited the several military hospitals when crowded with wounded from the storming of Badajoz—heard the bombardment of Cadiz by Soult—witnessed the following year, between Alicante and Valencia, the flight of a Spanish division before the French, under General Harispe, and had here a somewhat narrow escape of being taken prisoner myself—rode over the battle-field of Vittoria, while many were still lying unburied there; and witnessed the arrival in that city of the thousands of wounded and prisoners from the three days of desperate battle on the Pyrenees, when Soult was seeking to relieve Pampeluna. Some twenty months afterward, at Naples (many events having been crowded between), I accompanied King Joachim, mounted on one of the royal horses, to a review of his army, when about to depart on his ill-fated march against the Austrians. Twice I have

been in Algeria during the French war of conquest there; on one occasion joining at Blidah the march of a corps under Marshal Bugeaud, against certain Arab tribes near Medeah. I visited also the French headquarters at Constantine, in Eastern Algeria—a place wonderful in its natural features, and, under its old name of Cirta, bringing back to memory the Massanissa and Jugurtha so familiar to the reading of our youthful days.

In travelling through Holstein and the Danish Isles in 1848, I saw something of the petty war of Germans and Danes then going on, since followed on the same field by events of so much higher import. At a later period (in 1863), when seventy-five years of age, I was an active spectator—I will not say an actor—in the midst of the great civil war then raging in America. At the headquarters of the Federal army in Virginia, and with the advanced division on the Rapidan in front of General Lee's army, and still more in the country through which I passed to reach the army, I saw warfare on its largest scale of action and devastation. Twice before I had traversed this part of Virginia, then very different in aspect—a happy and flourishing country, where the evils of slavery were mitigated by various social conditions more or less peculiar to this great State. The contrast of scene, as I saw it in the heat of war, was saddening to the eye and to the mind. But in a region so variously favored by Nature, time and tranquillity will restore what has been lost. The too sudden advance of the negro to political power may retard this restoration, but cannot prevent it.

Eight weeks of absence from my own house in Brook Street comprised this extraordinary spectacle of American warfare, with much besides of political and social interest, to which my several preceding visits to the United States gave me access. Living in the hospitable house of my excellent friend, Mr. Seward, at Washington, and seeing much of President Lincoln, I enjoyed facilities which few travellers can obtain. Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of War, sent Adjutant-General Townsend with me to the army of the Potomac; an accomplished soldier and admirable companion, to whom the expedition was a luxury, as he had hitherto known the war only through his heavy official duties at Washington. General Meade, the recent victor at Gettysburg, was at this time in command of the army. By him, and the other generals and officers at headquarters, as well as those at the advanced posts, I was received with a courtesy which I cannot readily forget. Such interludes are not common in the life of a London physician. But I have already confessed to a certain pleasure, whether rational or not, from these sudden contrasts, and, in the instance just given, this taste, such as it is, was amply satisfied.

#### THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

At Madrid I heard of the great victory of Vittoria, and a fortnight afterward were on the battle-field there, still bearing many marks of the fight, and of the flight that followed. The one hundred and forty-nine cannon taken from King Joseph's army were still on the spot; and I gathered up, from amid broken carriages and other wrecks of war, many manuscript papers, curiously illustrating the disordered and discontented state of the French army at that time; but also showing that some of their officers had been living in very amicable relations with Spanish ladies. Here, too, and subsequently at Bilbao, I occupied myself in the military hospitals—crowded at Vittoria, not only by the wounded in the battle there,



but by the numbers brought in from the three days' mountain battles of the Pyrenees—the hardest and most bloody struggle of the war. I witnessed their arrival, together with the two thousand five hundred prisoners taken in these fights. No spectacle more painful than that of the carriage of the wounded, sick, and dying, in the midst of a campaign! I have since seen it in Algeria, and on a much larger scale in Virginia, during the late American struggle; but there mitigated, as far as was possible, by the excellent hospital provisions of the Federal army, which I have never seen equalled elsewhere. Still it is in every case the blackest page of war. The strategy, exploits, and triumphs of the battle-field are all dimmed in looking at this inevitable sequel. It is needful to have seen to comprehend it, for official dispatches and history tell but little of the reality.

## MARIA LOUISA.

Entering Switzerland by the unfrequented but very picturesque route of the Munster-Thal, our first halt was at Berne, where at this time were residing the Empress Maria Louisa and the Grand-duchess Constantine. With these imperial ladies, and especially the former, long visits were interchanged. On one of these evenings the empress sang some Italian and German songs, accompanied by Count Neuperg, whose history became afterward, by marriage, so closely associated with her own. One of these I recollect to have been Ferrari's beautiful air of "L'Innamorata." Maria Louisa's manner was quiet and pleasing, without any other marked character. Of the great captive then at Elba not a syllable, as far as I know, was uttered—a silence which told far more than any speech could have done. The remainder of her life gave full interpretation to it. All indeed that we have learned of the elder Napoleon, even since his death, tells us how little his hard and selfish nature was fitted to awaken tender feelings in those with whom he lived.

## AT HOME IN 1814.

The other personages here at this time were Charles IV. of Spain, his queen, the infante Don Paolo, and Godoy—the Queen of Etruria, a Princess of Sardinia, a Prince of Saxe-Gotha, Louis, the ex-King of Holland, Lucien Bonaparte and his wife, the Princess Piombino, Cardinal Fesch, Prince Poniatowski, etc. In the daily intercourse with these several persons, there was much to interest and amuse me. The Spanish royal family, by far the strangest embodied in these Roman recollections, became somewhat intimately known to me. I was professionally consulted by the queen and Godoy, names inauspiciously connected in the recent history of Spain. I retain strongly in memory the picture of the four personages of this royal Spanish group, with whom I more than once passed an hour in their apartments—the old king, bulky in body, vacant in face and mind, placidly indolent in his whole demeanor—the queen, a woman whose countenance, voice, and figure might easily, in older days, have condemned her as a witch—the infante, an ill-fated youth, who laughed idiotically when his mother alluded to the wine-mark on his face—and Godoy ("Prince of Peace"), the shadow of a handsome man; pleasing in manner and common conversation, but showing no other quality to justify the influence he so long retained in the Government of Spain. I met the same royal party, fugitives again, at Venice the following year. It was a group strangely depicting royalty in its most effete form, and telling the tale of long misgovernment in a country deserving a better fate. Death has since disposed of them all.

## KING JOACHIM MURAT.

The four months we passed at Naples—the closing period of his reign—were colored in every way by the personal character of the man. It was a time of continuous fêtes and revelry—of balls, masquerades, and operas—of levées, processions, and military reviews—of boar-hunts and fishing-parties, and numerous other festivities by land and sea. In all these Murat himself was the conspicuous figure, and well pleased to be so. Tall and masculine in appearance; his features well formed, but expressing little beyond good nature and a rude energy and consciousness of physical power; his black hair flowing in curls over his shoulders; his hat gorgeous with plumes; his whole dress carrying an air of masquerade—this was the general aspect of the man, well picturing the ardent chieftain of cavalry in Napoleon's great campaigns. Amid the luxurious life of Naples, indeed, his feelings and conversation often reverted to the time when he was hotly engaged with Cossack bands on the plains of Poland and Russia. I have seen him dressed as a Cossack chief at a court masquerade; and parading the Strada di Toledo, with a long suite of his old companions in war, in similar costume. He was endowed with a large amount of pure animal vitality, which pleasantly expended itself in the active deeds of war, but found no sufficient vent in peace, even when called upon to act the king. I think he was personally popular with his Neapolitan subjects, including the lazzaroni, who had their peculiar way of describing with the fingers his gait on horseback, and the waving of his plumes. With all his fantasies of dress, there was a jovial kindness of temperament, which made his presence agreeable to the public eye.

## American Parks.

An English writer, who has lately visited this country, says: "There are two distinct kinds of public gardens in which the Americans seem destined to surpass us immeasurably, viz., parks and cemeteries. It is amazing to witness the grandeur and extent of their parks, and to hear of the vast sums they spend upon them, while their cemeteries are as far before any thing I have seen in Europe as the tomb of Napoleon in the Invalides is before one of the cells in Père-la-Chaise. I was delighted to see such noble parks in so young a country. They augur well for public gardening there when the nation shall have attained greater development.

"In most civilized countries large cemeteries are sometimes so disposed that they bear some resemblance to gardens; but in America they are so large and park-like and are so well planted, that they are really public gardens of a high class. In Cincinnati they have recently made a great improvement by causing all the boundaries of the lots to be hidden under the turf, and by not allowing more than one slab, or monument, to each owner of a lot, on which the names of all the persons buried in it must be inscribed, if they are to be inscribed at all. In this way the unpleasant effect which results from covering a large extent of ground with thousands of monuments will be in a great extent removed, and the designer will be able to get very happy, park-like effect, and quiet, green lawns here and there.

"The Central Park in New York is truly magnificent. There is not much fine gardening in it, rightly, as I think; but, in point of design, it certainly is much better than any park we have in London.

"There are in many places nice, quiet breadths of open grass, and I have never anywhere seen so many great breaks of pictu-

resque, natural rock crop up; fortunately these have been preserved, and now offer the finest position I know of for planting with rock-shrubs and Alpine plants. One thing seems a mistake—the making of many bridges over roads, with a view to separate equestrians from pedestrians. This is the most expensive and needless crotchety I have ever seen. In the Bois de Boulogne and Hyde Park we have a far greater number of equestrians, and no such thing is or ever will be necessary.

"The new park at Philadelphia, the Riverside Park near Chicago, as well as the great St. Louis Park and Prospect Park at Brooklyn, are all very noble ones. This latter, with a grand prairie-sweep of open grass, is especially well designed. Some of the approaches to this new and large park are very broad and dignified, and the whole is truly worthy 'the great country.' If other American cities go on in this way, Europe will soon be left behind in the matter of public gardens."

## A Safe Safe.

An ingenious mechanic in New Orleans, constructed a safe which he declared to be absolutely burglar-proof. To convince the incredulous of the fact, he placed a one-thousand-dollar bill in his pocket, had himself locked in the safe, with a liberal supply of provisions, and the key cast into the river, declaring that he would give the money to the man who unfasted the door. All the blacksmiths, and carpenters, and burglars, in the State of Louisiana have been boring, and blasting, and beating at that safe for a week with every kind of tool and explosive mixture known to science, and the man is in there yet! He has whispered through the key-hole that he will make the reward ten thousand dollars if somebody will only let him out. He has convinced everybody that it is the safest safe ever invented. Fears are entertained that the whole concern will have to be melted down in the blast-furnace before he is released, and efforts are to be made to pass in through the key-hole a fire-proof jacket, to protect the inventor while the iron is melting.

## Foreign Items.

LEVASSEUR, the great French singer, who recently died at Paris at the age of eighty one, was at one time the teacher of the Duke of Orleans, the ill-fated father of the Count de Paris, the present Orleanist pretender to the throne of France. It was from a visit to Levasseur that the Duke of Orleans was returning when he met with the accident that caused his death. For some time the great singer was quite inconsolable, and absolutely refused to take any food. The last days of his life, however, were gladdened by the hope that he would live to see the son of his adored pupil reascend the throne of his ancestors.

When Count Moltke, during his recent visit to St. Petersburg, was one evening in the imperial box at the opera-house, there arose a dispute between two gentlemen, in a box right opposite his own, whether the gentleman in the Prussian uniform was really Count Moltke, or one of the other generals who had accompanied him to the city of the czars. So one of the gentlemen left his seat and went to the usher of the imperial box, and asked for the name of the Prussian officer. "His name, sir," replied the usher, "I do not not know; but he is the man who whipped the French so badly."

The members of the Conservatory of Music of Berlin, a few weeks ago, conferred upon

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Charles Gounod, the composer of "Faust," and "Romeo and Juliet," the degree of honorary member of this celebrated institution, but Gounod declined the honor from patriotic motives. This has, of course, caused the greatest indignation among German musicians and opera-managers, and it has even been proposed to discontinue playing at German opera-houses the works of the hyper-patriotic Frenchman.

Victor Emmanuel was riding, recently, near Rome, when a young blacksmith, perceiving that one of the wheels of the king's carriage was giving out, fearlessly rushed forward and stopped the horses, who were running at a gallop. An accident, which might have had the most serious consequences, would have been unavoidable but for the presence of mind and bravery of this man. An immense crowd gathered immediately round the carriage of the king, who drew his purse and distributed its contents among the spectators.

The opening address which Dr. Dollinger delivered a few weeks ago at the University of Munich is said to have been the grandest affair ever witnessed at a German university. A number of eminent *savants*, authors, and professors, as well as the diplomatic corps, and several of the royal princes, were present. The king himself was anxious to hear the address, but his ministers dissuaded him from going. Only the orthodox Catholic professors of the university were absent.

The most striking feature of the Christmas trade in Berlin was an exhibition of French fancy articles representing the exploits of the German armies in France. Games and toys of every variety, flattering the national vanity of the Germans, have been invented by the genius of French artists and manufacturers, and the German market is now so well supplied with them that a single house in Berlin opened a special exhibition of them, and German toys were at a discount.

The managers of the German railroads throughout the empire, on Christmas-day, presented to Prince Bismarck a magnificent drawing-room car, which in elegance and comfort surpasses any thing of the kind ever seen in Europe. The car contains four rooms—a drawing-room, a library, a boudoir for the princess, and a bedroom for Bismarck himself. It is sumptuously furnished throughout.

One of the young officers in the suite of the czarowitch committed suicide a few weeks ago. The cause of this act was a secret until a letter addressed to his sister, who is married at Astrakhan, revealed the fact that the young man had fallen desperately in love with the beautiful wife of the czarowitch, and, despairing of being able to overcome his passion, had shot himself.

Emile Gaborian, the most popular author of criminal novels among the French, has been paid over three hundred thousand francs for copyrights on his books during the last four years. "The Case of the Widow Lerouge" alone, the most intensely interesting of all his books, has yielded nearly a hundred thousand francs, though the book is only a moderate 12mo volume.

Most of the larger cities of the German States lately annexed to the Prussian monarchy have wonderfully increased during the last five years. The average increase in the population of eleven large cities, including Hanover, Cassel, etc., is no less than twenty-three per cent.

Among the articles of interest which, during the last war, fell into the hands of the Prussian conquerors, was the magnificent piano which the piano-manufacturers of France jointly presented to the prince imperial. It was expected that the Emperor William would graciously send it to Chiselhurst, but it will shortly be sold at auction at Metz.

Emile Littré, upon being asked how he would hereafter treat Bishop Dupanloup, if they should ever meet in public, is said to have replied: "Gratitude compels me to treat him with much greater respect than I otherwise would have paid him, since by his resignation he has given my election to the Academy an *icet* which I had no reason to expect."

In imitation of the Vienna Lady Orchestra, which last year made a tour through the United States, a "Berlin Lady Orchestra," consisting of forty-five eminent lady artists, will start about the 15th of March for New York. Efforts are being made to induce Pauline Lucca, the great Berlin prima donna, to accompany the troupe.

An exhibition of the works of German female artists is now being held at Berlin; many of the paintings are pronounced masterpieces both by connoisseurs and artists. There are two hundred and sixteen contributors to the exhibition.

During the last four months there died nine thousand persons—more than one per cent. of the entire population—of small-pox in Berlin. German physicians seem to have lost all confidence in the efficiency of vaccination.

Europe, which at the outbreak of the Italian War of 1859 contained fifty-six independent states, now contains only eighteen, with a population of three hundred millions.

While Offenbach is as popular as ever in France, Germany, and Russia, they are hissing his operas, not only in Rome, but also in Florence, Naples, and other Italian cities.

## Varieties.

AS the passengers were preparing to leave their seats on the arrival of the New-York train in Boston the other evening, an old gentleman picked up a dark object which appeared to drop from a lady's bonnet. "Madam, is this yours? You appear to have dropped it by accident." "Thank you, sir" (placing her hand to her head)—"a railroad accident—a misplaced switch."

An editor in Illinois, having engaged a new reporter, received the following as his first effort: "We are informed that the gentleman who stood on his head under a pile-driver for the purpose of having a tight pair of bates driv on, shortly afterward found himself in China, perfectly naked, and without a cent in his pocket!"

Among the literary curiosities in a library at Southampton, England, is an old Bible, known as the "Bug Bible," printed by John Daye, 1551, with the prologue by Tyndale. It derives its name from the peculiar rendering of the fifth verse in Psalm xci, which reads thus: "So that thou shalt not be afraid of any bugs by night."

The Grand-Duke Alexis of Russia, and the gentlemen of his *suite*, have expressed themselves as being equally surprised and gratified at the cordial kindness of their reception in the United States. Every effort has been made to show them the good will of our people toward the empire which they represent.

Through-tickets around the world are now issued, the price being \$1,145 in gold, and the running time eighty-one days. The line of route, going westward, is from New York to

San Francisco, say 3,000 miles; San Francisco to Yokohama, 4,700 miles; thence to Hong Kong, 1,600 miles; thence to Calcutta, 3,500 miles; thence to Bombay, 1,400 miles; Bombay to Suez, 3,000 miles; from Suez, by the way of Alexandria and Brindisi, to London, say 2,300 miles; and from London to New York, 3,200 miles.

It would not answer to introduce the Koran in this country; it gives the women such an easy way of divorce. Under the Mohammedan law, an aggrieved woman has only to place her slipper upside down before the cadi, and a divorce is granted without further inquiry, as it is taken for granted that she would not seek such redress without the most pressing cause.

A negro on trial for murder in Kentucky, sharing the general belief that he would be hung, sold his body to some medical students, who waxed very wroth when their fondly anticipated subject was sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

A temperance lecturer, being seen coming out of a tavern wiping his mouth, effectually disarmed criticism by explaining that he had a severe toothache, and only went in to get a clove to put in his tooth.

Clams, alive and healthy, have been dug out of the prairie one or two miles from Houston, Texas. They were found at a depth of several feet, and the Houston people wonder how they got there.

In one half column the San Francisco *Alta California* quotes from the Devil Gully *Expositor*, the Yankee Flat *Advertiser*, the New Jerusalem *Courier*, and the Murderburg *Bulletin*.

Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet and novelist of the past generation, is still living, an inmate of an insane asylum in Pennsylvania, where he has been for twenty years.

Parents are warned against allowing their children to approach too near the grand-duke's party. They may catch the Hoopenkoff and Popoff.

A Swede named Larsen is reputed to be the best billiard-player in Europe. Nobody ought to imitate his style of play, for that would be Larseny.

Don Michael Angelo Caetoni, the blind Duke of Sermonte, can repeat the poems of Dante from beginning to end.

Theodore Woodhull and Victoria Tilton are nominated for president and vice-president by a confused Western editor.

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

Some one wants to know why an almanac is simply advice thrown away. Because it comes in at one year and goes out at the other.

The minister who divides his discourses into too many heads, will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all of them.

Strange to say, a negro minstrel most overflows with humor when he is corked up.

Ohio lacks twenty of having one hundred thousand dogs.

Boston has seven hundred and fifty-three lawyers.

## The Museum.

"IN all parts of Peru," says a recent traveler, "except among the savage Indian tribes, Christianity, at least nominally, prevails. The aborigines, however, converted by the sword in the old days of Spanish persecution, do not, as a rule, seem to have more notion of that faith in the country parts than such as may be obtained from stray visits of some errant, image-bearing friar, whose principal object is to obtain sundry *reals* in consideration of prayers offered to his little idols. These nomadic friars also distribute execrably

colored prints of various saints, besides having indulgences for sale. As to the nature of the pious offerings from their disciples, they are not at all particular. They go upon the easy principle that all is fish that comes into their net. If the ignorant and superstitious givers have not 'filthy lucre' wherewithal to propitiate the ugly represented saints, wax-candles, silver ore, cacao, sugar, and any other description of property, are as readily received. Thus, it often happens that these peripatetic friars have a long convoy of heavily-laden mules with which to gladden the members of their monastery when they return home.

"The priests in all parts of Peru dress in a very extraordinary, not to say outlandish manner. One of the lower grade wears a very capacious shovel-hat, projecting as much in front as behind, and looking very like a double-ended coal-heaver's hat. A loose black serge robe covers him all over, as with a funeral pall, and, being fastened together only at the neck, gives to his often obese figure an appearance the very reverse of grave or serious. The superior of a monastery, or the priest in charge of a parish, wears a more stately clerical costume. His hat is of formidable dimensions—a huge, flat, Chinese-umbrella-shaped sort of a concern, which cannot be compared to any thing else in creation. He also affects ruffles and lace, a long cassock, and a voluminous cloak like many of those of Geneva combined together; black-silk stockings and low shoes, and a huge umbrella in red velvet, complete the clerical array of the higher ecclesiastics."



A PRIEST OF PERU AND HIS PUPIL

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